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VOLUME 17 NUMBER 12

THEY'RE WICKED!
ANNETTE
CHERYL
DENISE
DIANA
JOYCE
SALLY
STACY
CAMILLE
COLLEEN
NATASHA
& PAULA
DROP THEIR KNICKERS!

EXCLUSIVE!
ANGEL HEART STAR
LISA BONET

OOH LA LA!
MISS FRANCE'S RUDE BITS!

ANDREA'S RUBBERY!
PERVY FETISH SPECIAL

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I am over 17

Single ☐ Widowed ☐ Divorced ☐

Your Sex ☐ put M or F

Your Height ☐ ft ☐ ins.

Your age ☐ yrs

Age you would like to meet ☐ min

BLOCK CAPITALS ☐ max

First Name ____________

Surname ____________

Address ____________

____

____

____

____

____

Occupation ____________

Religion ____________

2 **Tick ✓ which characteristics best describe you.**

ARE YOU:

- Warmhearted ☐
- Serious ☐
- Considerate ☐
- Shy ☐
- Romantic ☐
- Fashion conscious ☐
- Practical ☐
- Conventional ☐
- Reliable ☐
- Adventurous ☐

3 **Tick ✓ those activities you enjoy, put a ✗ against those you dislike, and leave blank those where you have no preference.**

DO YOU ENJOY:

- Wine bars/Eating out ☐
- Pubs ☐
- Sports/Keep Fit ☐
- Politics/History ☐
- Reading ☐
- Travelling ☐
- Science/Technology ☐
- Cinema ☐
- Pets/Animals ☐
- Pop/Rock music ☐
- Jazz/Folk music ☐
- Classical music ☐
- Theatre/Arts ☐
- Watching TV ☐
- Smoking ☐
- Drinking ☐
- Being with children ☐
- Homemaking ☐
- Gardening ☐
- Countryside ☐

B76

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL AGENCY

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Cover girl Camille really enjoys having big knockers. And believe it or not, *we* really enjoy her having big knockers, too. Turn to the centrefold and see if you agree . . .

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

This despatch reaches you from a Club HQ that is under siege. For the last two weeks none of us has been able to get out to the pub, and the office supplies of Special Brew are running low. They've cut off the phones, so we can't even send out for a pizza.

It started slowly: a couple of months ago we came back from a session at the Wellie and there was a stunning girl waiting at the massive wrought-iron gates of Raymond Towers.

"Can I take my clothes off for you?" she said.

You always get a bit of that in this business, and believe me it gets boring. Still, you shouldn't turn down opportunities, so in about 15 seconds we had her in the studio doing her stuff. Turned out rather nicely – as you can see on page 7.

But word gets around. First three on the doorstep, then five, then ten and now we can't get out because of the hundreds of screaming women, tearing off their clothes, thrusting fine upturned breasts into our palpitating hands, grinding firm bottoms against our thighs, purring "I'm yours!" seductively in our ears, raising skirts to reveal pert pubic mounds . . .

As you can tell, it's all a bit of a strain. They've given us their demands: each one wants at least eight pages in the magazine with a minimum of three bum shots, an option on wearing stockings and two hours alone with Ian 'Monster' Midson. We're trying to beat them down to six pages, one bum shot and a guarantee of paisley socks, but they know we can't hold out much longer. And it looks like Ian will just have to make the final sacrifice.

By the time you read this, we may have reached an agreement with the howling mob outside. So while you peacefully peruse this issue, remember the man who gave everything that you might enjoy. Dates of a memorial service will be given in a later issue. ♣

Cheryl – a big girl for you big boys!

Diana's ready for anything!

Stacy's as hard as you will be

It's the luck of the Irish with Colleen

Lubba lubba, Andrea's in rubber

Centrefold Camille knows what gets you hot

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

And in among the deluge of letters we had begging for a return visit of centrefold favourite Natasha were pleas from Billy D of Belfast, James of New Cross, Jon, Alan and Mark in Luton, and a certain anonymous individual who "really loves those big knockers." We couldn't agree more. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Top Ten Corner

1. Anne Diamond – TV presenter
2. Sheena Easton – singer
3. Floella Benjamin – TV presenter
4. Patsy Kensit – singer
5. Susan Sarandon – actress
6. Felicity Kendal – actress
7. Fiona Fullerton – actress
8. Brigitte Nielsen – actress/model
9. Julia Parton – Club Vol 17 No 4
10. Yazz – singer

Giles, Woking

Hard Facts

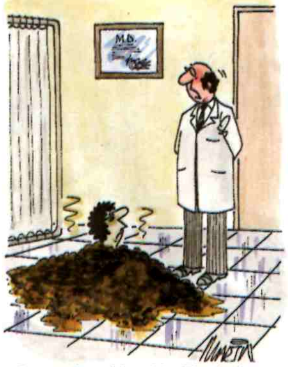
I agree wholeheartedly with everything Ewan M. (*In The Bag*, Vol 17 No 6) had to say, particularly his first item, about Colette in your December issue last year. I couldn't believe you only had four pages of photos of Colette and her shaved pussy and, as Ewan says, not including any of the sort of poses that all Club fans know and love.

Mind you, it was a sound defensive move to put his letter in one of the best Clubs ever: delicious Sophie, earthy Rachel, your Moscow shoot and Andrea in fine form all went to make a great issue.

Also, the set of Tracy Neve countered his remarks on celebrities, though I agree about Lu Varley – she should stick to Page 3 work. And the two-girl set in *Talking Blue* certainly offset some of his other moans.

All this had two good spin-offs; a great issue, and solid evidence that Club is the best men's magazine around.

Just keep up the good work! – *John, Stockport*



Quite frankly, Mr Trubshaw, that's the worst case of diarrhoea I've ever seen!

Prayer for Hair

Every time I pick up a copy of Club, I'm hoping that my prayers will have been answered. But although the bevy of beauties who decorate the pages every month never fail to give me a huge hard-on, not to mention numerous fantastic wanks, you've never come up with what I really want to see – a girl with *really hairy armpits*.

I've always found the sight of unshaved armpits, as hairy as nature intended, totally erotic, but none of the girls featured in Club cater for my particular little fetish. Is there something wrong with hairy armpits? The girls on the continent don't seem to think so, so what about the Club girls? The thought of looking at a pair of hairy armpits in the centrespread and imagining that I'm buring my face right into one to inhale that delicious aroma is enough to have my trousers bulging. – *Dennis, Sutton*

What do other readers reckon, then? – Ed

Dear Janette,

After seeing your photographs in Vol 17 No 8, I felt I had to write to express my feelings towards you. I'll come straight to the point.

I SIMPLY THINK YOU ARE THE MOST FUCKABLE PERSON ON THIS EARTH!

Just looking at your pictures makes me get out my rod and toss off all over your photos. And when reading your article which accompanied your pictures, I was astonished that you get through men every couple of weeks. I'm sure if I had my way it would be a different story.

I'd love to find myself alone with you in your bedroom and we would slowly undress each other, revealing my rock hard cock and your perfectly formed tits and beautiful cunt. Then, when we were naked, I would spread your legs and lick all of your juices out of your crack whilst you get my cock and thrust it straight down your throat, giving it the best blow job humanly possible.

Then, I would turn back the other way and take my cock and ram it home, giving you the fucking of your life culminating with

Tina Gets It Off Her Chest

In our latest issue, the only journalist capable of making molehills out of her mountains takes the long view about the activities of a certain Mrs Mary Whitehouse.

You know, if there's one person I could cheerfully strangle, it's that Mrs White'ouse. There she is, always preaching about the moral standards (whatever *they* are) of the country, and going on about taking all the naughty bits out of telly programmes. I bet she's a barrel of laughs in the sack.

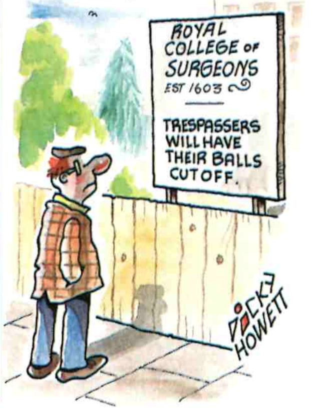
But there's one thing that's always made me think a bit. If she hates all this dirty stuff, right, then how the fuck does she know about it? I mean, if she never watches sexy films cos they're too dirty, how come she knows *exactly* what's going on in all of them?

I'm all for a bit of hanky panky on the box, meself. Or anywhere else, really. That's what makes the world go round, after all.♣

We're Spot On

Please, please, *please* will you do another photo set of Sophie (Vol 17 No 6)? She's so beautiful; everything about her is perfect, especially her face and pussy lips. You could even use her pubes as dental floss. I would like to nominate her for the *Come Again* slot, for sure.

Congratulations on putting together a perfect Club Vol 17 No 7. I never thought I'd see it. There's not one thing wrong with it – brilliant. Hope the rest are like it. All


ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS
EST 1603
TRESPASSERS WILL HAVE THEIR BALLS CUT OFF.
DICKY HOWETT

me releasing my hot come deep inside you.

It's a pity dreams aren't realities, eh? Although I know one reality – and that is that you are the most horny girl I've ever seen. – ***Steve, Cheshire***

***When I get to grips with a man, Steve, dreams are reality. And your dreams are nothing compared to mine . . . –* Janette ♣**

the girls should have been centrefolds but my favourite three were Frances, Kate and Charlotte. Especially Charlotte's cunt with a mohican. God, I could fuck that forever. It turned me on something rotten. That's what I love about Club – you always have great pussy shots. Keep up the good work.

I'm off to see my girl now and mention to her about Charlotte's pussy – or rather, to persuade her to let me do the same with the ladyshave! Wish me luck with it! – *JJB, Manchester*

Deb's Delight

My live-in girlfriend Phillipa is an ex-debutante; she had her coming out party in 1986. You may think she's sweet, demure, and a lady. She's none of these: what she is, is the horniest bitch I've ever

continued on page 13

COLLEEN

Photographs by Rupert Daines

In Dublin's fair city the girls are so pretty, or so the story goes. And when you look at our tasty model Colleen O'Connor, you can see what they mean.

Colleen's the first Dublin girl we've featured in Club, but she certainly won't be the last. As the 20-year-old

blonde told us: "There are hundreds of Dublin girls like me, all ready and very willing to strip off, but we don't get much chance over here! I loved taking my togs off for the

Club snapper – it made me feel so sexy and wicked.

"At first, I was a little nervous about showing my body to everyone, as I didn't think my boobs were big enough to satisfy you all. But then the Ed showed me the letters from all of you who *love* small boobs – so they're all yours, lads!"

And we reckon Colleen's got more than enough charms to be going on with. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

met. She can't get enough cock.

We went to a snobby party the other evening and agreed that we would "do our own thing" there. It wasn't long before Phillipa disappeared upstairs with this banker chap who was old enough to be her father. She told me afterwards that he was into spanking. Apparently, he soon had her tight leather trousers and tiny briefs down and gave her bum cheeks a right good slapping. Her cheeks were quite red by the time he produced his big prick and roughly stuck it up her fanny from behind. He gave her a real good shagging and she had climaxed twice before he pulled his prick out of her sopping twat and got off over her arse cheeks, wanking away like a good 'un before spraying his creamy spunk all over her reddened bum.

She got laid twice more that evening, once in the back of some Yuppie's car, riding his prick for all she was worth until she came, followed by him shooting his spunk up her greedy cunt.

Finally, some lord or other took her back to his pad and spent the night shagging her rotten. The old boy even had enough energy to fuck her again in the morning, having got her on all fours while he shafted her doggy fashion (which is Phillipa's favourite position). Apparently this fuck lasted for about twenty minutes before the old boy gave a loud grunt and shot his load up her twat.

Me? I had a great night, I *don't* think. I spent all evening chatting up this little blonde and just when I felt certain to score, her old man called to take her home. I was horny as hell when I got home.

That's the last snobby party I'm going to, that's for sure. – *Ricky, London*

Operation Sample

I know lots of guys get really horny at the sight of a pretty nurse in uniform (like me!), so I thought I'd write to you about what happened to me last week, as it turned me on like hell. My name is Jennifer and I qualified as a nurse last year. I think I look pretty smart in my uniform. I especially like the black stockings – and I can't resist wearing a black bra and panties to match. I always think my white apron front emphasizes the size of my bosom, too. The front of my tunic looks as if it's straining a bit Anyway, with my auburn hair tied up I think I look pretty tasty!

At the moment I work in an outpatients clinic in Greater Manchester (I'd better not say which hospital); it's also a vasectomy clinic where the men have to come after they have had the snip, and provide a sample of sperm to see if it has worked. I provide them with a glass jar and escort them to a little cubicle where they have to wank off to provide the sample. I must admit, I'd often been curious about the cocks of these guys as they disappeared into the cubicles and emerged a few minutes later with their milky semen in my sample jars. Most of the guys look embarrassed and joke because of it.

Anyway, one day last week I was feeling pretty randy, having been without a boyfriend for a couple of weeks. As I took one very

BAD JOKE

Two punks are walking through Leicester Square, trying to dodge the rain of bird crap falling from the trees above them.

First punk: What would you do if a bird shat on your head?

Second punk: Well, I wouldn't go out with her again.

And that little New Wave gem winged its way here from Mike of Garston, who'll soon be the proud owner of a bag of Club bumpf. And the Ed's old Sex Pistols LPs. ♣

RIGHT
LOOK LEFT

TAPED!

*The story so far: **Allan Bryce** has died of wrist strain and returned as a sex-crazed zombie. Now read on . . .*

I've been feeling a bit run down lately, so I crawled along to see the quack the other day. "You're not getting enough," he said, thrusting a bottle of vitamins at me. "You've got to take yourself in hand." There wasn't much I could say to that one.

When I explained what I did for a living he went on to say that what I needed was a weekend away from it all at one of those health farms in the country where the only thing likely to get up your nose is the bubbles from the Jacuzzi. The trouble is I'm not really cut out for this health routine. The last weights I lifted used to come in packs of ten . . .

What I *really* need is a spell at the sort of place featured in the first of this month's video blues: **Miss-Adventures At Megaboob Manor.** When exhausted tycoons turn up there they don't have to sweat in the sauna or jog in the gymnasium, because a different sort of exercise is planned for them in the company of an army of busty beauties led by protuberant Pat Wynn – a lady who Mother Nature has seen fit to bless with gazonkas so large that all her kids have stretch marks round their mouths.

The fun starts when a coachload of horny chaps from the City arrive for a weekend of hanky panky (fun with a Kleenex, Vicar) and are met by the gorgeous girls of Megaboob Manor. "Anything goes!" promises Mumsy Megaboob (yes, Pat does talk occasionally) and before long all of the lucky gents are getting their bells rung in one way or another.

And talking of multiple orgasms (that'll teach you to pay more attention) brings me nicely to **Sexy Stories Volume 3** which is hotter than having a plate of Vindaloo shovelled down your Chinos. Cut down from our old pal Mike Freeman's

Emmanuelle goes to Cannes
18
Emmanuelle goes to Cannes
Emmanuelle goes to Cannes
Emmanuelle spent her youth in a convent, which may be why she values her freedom so highly.
She escapes the clutches of her ruthless and double-dealing manager, Frank and arrives in Cannes in search of stardom.
Emmanuelle's talents are immediately visible and she needs no directing in the roles she plays . . . and no second takes!
Running time approx. 80 mins.
18
SAMPLE
TCX
VIDEO
TCX 894
VHS
TCX
VIDEO
18

UNCOVERED

Books reviewed by **Chris Lloyd**

Gael Greene is a worried lady. It crosses her mind that sex is way down the agenda of normal life, which is why she has interrupted her usual schedule (ie, reviewing restaurants and writing novels) "to create this practical text". Hence, Delicious Sex **(Futura – £3.50). She loves love, loves being in love, loves making it. Thus pillow talk, or, a series of unrecorded inanities never designed to be aired, is broken down to a semi-intelligible regimen. Yes, the crooked finger of ecstasy again, sucking you around the corner, on the heat-seeking missile principle. "Oh *sweetheart*, this is the book for you," says Gael, lunging for your thorax.**

Her secret (now in the public domain) is sexual confidence. And, let us not forget "in these times when casual sex is laced with peril and monogamy is embraced with new dedication, keeping sex hot is a challenge." How could we forget?

"In many ways, I think it would be great," says Jane Cousin-Mills, ex-phone-in high priestess, chairperson and author of Make It Happy, Make It Safe **(Penguin – £3.95), "if this book, or any others like it, didn't have to be written." I've got news for you, Jane. They don't. Nobody's listening to your safe-sex backchat. AIDS will change your life all right, but not until you get it. How can you make sex *safe*? Safe is a combination of numbers**

MOTORVATION

*As the asylums close, and community care proves unpopular with the public, **Dr John Masham** proposes a radical alternative. We should send the Loonies rallying.*

While professional motorsport has never been the preserve of the sane, it seems clear now that Madness has finally got its claws into the wasted minds of the international rallying elite.

Driving too fast through the jungle in a little car with big tyres has never coincided with anyone's concept of a good idea, and the suggestion that one would fare better by doing it in a 500 horsepower box of bits held together by Wrigley Spearmint and a selection of sponsors' stickers seems about as sensible as bare-foot waterskiing over the Great Barrier Reef.

Remember that old joke about the Army? Join up, travel to strange and exciting countries, meet new and exotic people, and kill them. Well, world-class rallying is about the same. Grab a set of wheels and a hot motor and you too can spend your days and nights plugging around beautiful Scandinavian lakes, across strange and majestic swathes of the mighty Serengeti, and up and down the wackiest Himalayan passes – but you'll probably kill yourself. Why they do it is, of course, anyone's guess.

And it's Masham's guess that they're probably bonkers. Or, to use a medical expression currently finding favour in motoring circles, a couple of spanners short of the set. Talk about nuts and bolts . . . Think about it: the quickest rally cars – capable of nought to oblivion in about six seconds – are pushing out the same sort of power as a fair-to-middling Formula One car. F1 is crazy enough – look at Murray Walker – but all they do is drive round in circles. Compared to the rally boys – who wouldn't know smooth tarmac if they fell on it – Piquet and Co are just playing games.

There was a time when all you needed was a red Mini Cooper and a silly name. Call yourself Stig and the rallying world was your oyster.

early hardcore porno movies, the tape begins with *Nice Surprises*, the story of a randy housewife named Yvonne who nips out down the shops for a bit of best end and runs into an old friend named Paula. The girls have so much to talk over, but it's rude to talk with their mouths full so they skip the chat and collapse on the couch for a spot of the old 72 – that's a 69 with three people watching.

Now you won't believe this, but just at this moment in walks hubby after a hard day at the office, his trousers

that often can't be remembered, so they use gelignite. And what does safe have to do with sex, probably the most dangerous human activity?

I mean, it's supposed to be exciting, isn't it? And yet, caring, sharing folks like Jane talk about sex as though they're describing fossil patterns to a classroom of cat fleas. Passion can't be controlled this way, legislated or monitored for exact frequency. There isn't one. What do smokers read on their packets – 'King Size' or 'Fatal Diseases'? You'll hurt your lungs, Jane. ♣

IN ARREARS

Na na na na na na na na BATMAN! And anyone whose favourite TV show isn't *Batman* should be immediately ZAPPED! BIFFED! POWED! and then BANGED! for good measure.

And that's what the Caped Crusader himself would definitely be thinking of if he came across an arse like this. Holy wobbling cheeks!

My fave part of the *Batman* show was Catwoman's. Arse, that is. I'd have given *anything* to get a sneaky look inside that tight cat suit. What a pussy she had. But until my batphone rings, I'll just have to occupy myself with *this* lady's behind. – *Billy Buttock* ♣

Nowadays the only Minis on the scene are ferocious Metro 6R4s, equipped with 300+ bhp, four wheel drive, and bodywork so ugly that even Metro's Mummy doesn't love him. Neither do the public – even 300bhp is chicken feed in these circles, and the 6R4 rarely graduates from the back of the pack.

The big boys – those with a chance of winning – instead find themselves at the controls of something which makes a Ferrari F40 look about as aggressive as half a strawberry tart. The various racing classes are broken down into several categories, the most popular being Group A (Awfully Dangerous), Group B (Bloody Awfully Dangerous), and Group S (Stupidly Bloody Awfully Dangerous). Depending on how mad they feel in the morning, drivers pick a class, pick a car, and jump in.

Admittedly, the wickedest cars are now being weeded out, as public opinion moves away from the belief that automotive Russian Roulette is fair game for *Sunday Grandstand*. But there is no suggestion that Mr Madas A. Balloon and his friends will be deprived of their chance to go rushing across the desert in cars with the safety record of a black widow spider.

The medical profession are right on top of the situation, making sure that the madmen get just what they think they need to get better. One medic, a French one, working for the Peugeot team on a recent Paris-Dakar run summed it up rather nicely with just 14 well chosen words. "An adventure," he said, "needs injuries. It's not a bad thing for people to get hurt."

And rallying certainly offers lots of alternatives. Besides rolling the car – an obvious choice, even an F1 car could manage that – there's the Quadruple Puncture 101 Miles from the Nearest Waterhole, or the Exploding Turbo on top of K2, or the Conking Out and Getting Eaten By Cannibals. Whatever you want from rallying, apart from a quiet life, it will deliver.

Not yet available on the National Health, international rallying is nevertheless proving popular among the nation's madmen. Offering the chance to travel, play around with unbelievably dangerous and expensive pieces of kit, and – most significantly – drive like there's no tomorrow (and, in some cases, there won't be) it is the perfect therapy for the perfect fool. ♣

TAPED!

at half mast (I'll bet he got some funny looks travelling home on the 5.07 from Waterloo). The scene actually fades out to much grunting and groaning, with semi-detached suburban Mr John Thomas getting buried under a mountain of quivering female flesh. Well, it beats doing the Times crossword.

Then we get to *The Officer's Ladies Part 2* where a whimpering Colonel is taught a lesson or two by a leather-clad dominatrix. If you like spanking scenes then this is better than the old Billy Bunter TV show. I'll be discussing **Volume 4** next month, after the swelling has gone down.

Now to some low budget schlock: **Metamorphosis** is a remake of an old Roger Corman movie called *The Wasp Woman* in which the viewer gets stung by one of the oldest plots in the business. Beautiful blonde Bobbie Bresee plays an over-the-hill actress (with hills like hers she shouldn't worry) who visits a dodgy doctor to get a course of experimental enzyme treatments. The problem is that these turn her into a big rubber insect who then goes on a very modest rampage until somebody hits her with a king-sized dose of DDT. The effects look like they came out of a joke shop, but Bobbie's magnificent boobies are the real thing, and they are on display enough times for me to thoroughly recommend this one to Club readers. Insomniacs might get a buzz out of it too...

RETRIBUTION
IT'S A TIME FOR FEAR
IT'S A TIME FOR TERROR
MEDUSA HOME VIDEO
RETRIBUTION
IT'S A TIME FOR
RETRIBUTION
THE TIME IS NOW!
18
VHS

Much higher class horror can be found in **Retribution**, an award-winning frightener that almost makes it to *The Exorcist* class. In the opening scenes a frustrated artist takes a nosedive from the roof of a sleazy LA hotel, but far from topping himself as intended he is brought back from the brink of death to live on as a weird supernatural being possessed by the spirit of a dead gangster. From then on when he falls asleep his nightmare self leaves his body and goes on the rampage with buzz saw, carving knife and acetylene torch! It's grim, gruesome stuff that builds to a jolting shock climax that's likely to make you spill your Horlicks. So where's the sex? I hear you ask. Well, funnily enough there's this horny hooker called Angel, who... On second thoughts, see it for yourself and find out.

Right, now can you tell me what the difference is between Emmanuelle and the Eiffel Tower? Well, not everybody's been up the Eiffel Tower... But in **Emmanuelle Goes To Cannes** the screen's most famous good-time-had-by-all gets mounted more times than Red Rum as she seeks sun and stardom on the Croisette. This is seductive soft porn of the highest quality. Sexy blonde Olinka Petrova really enters into the spirit of things as erotic Em, and there are some gorgeous locations to get your orbs into as well.

Finally, if your itch still needs scratching after that lot then pop **Sexual Desires** in your slot and experience what the cover calls 'The erotic story of a young girl's desire to possess the family fortune'. It's not a TV game show, but rather a Spanish-made sexy in which this busty bird turns up at her randy uncle's country estate and starts giving him lessons in the bareback bedroom conga. Then she starts on unc's frigid new bride, and then even old Manuel, the family gardener. In fact, by my reckoning the donkey's the only one of the cast who misses out on his oats – and that's only because he runs for cover when he sees what's going on... ♣

***Miss-Adventures At Megaboob Manor, Emmanuelle Goes To Cannes and Sexual Desires** are available from Network Distribution Ltd, 64 St Mary's Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire. **Sexy Stories Volume 3** is available from Puff Video, Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX. **Metamorphosis** is available from Mogul Communications. **Retribution** is available from Medusa Home Video.*

Stand back! I've hooked a real whopper this time!

VIVE LA NUDE!

"Zut alors! La Mademoiselle France est nue! La petit chioux est tout starkers! Elle n'a pas les togs at all! Sacre bleu mon dieux mon vieux fils . . ."

Or so our Paris correspondent says. Very excitable chaps, your French. Allow us to translate.

It appears that Miss France 1986 has whipped her kecks off for us. Ma'mselle Catherine Carew, 21 years old and 1 metre 72 centimetres tall (whatever that is), moved to Guadeloupe and set up a restaurant after competing in 1986's Miss World. Very nice too, if a little dull.

But snapper Philippe Giraud reckoned she was so dead horny he tracked her down to the West Indian island and popped the question: "How about taking all your clothes off for the lads in Britain?"

Another thing about the French – they're so polite. "Mais oui, s'il vous plait," elle dit. For those of us who've fancied her since her appearance in Miss World '86 *(That's me – Ed)* it was music to our ears.

And what did she think when she saw the pictures here? "Ils sont triffic," dit Catherine. "Formidable, incroyable, le vrai McCoy, absolument le business." *(Bilingual too – my sort of woman – Ed.)* ♣

MISS FRANCE 86

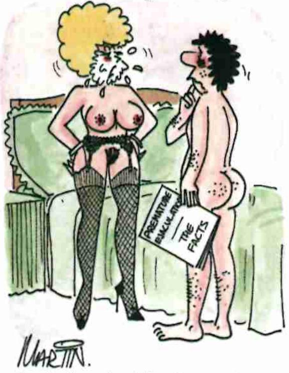
MISS FRANCE 86

Frank Spooner Pictures

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 13

fanciable guy of around 35 to his cubicle, I must admit my mind was wondering how well-hung he might be, as there was a tasty looking bulge in his rather tight jeans. He wasn't at all forward, mind you; he was silent, in fact – but something naughty in me couldn't resist saying, as I closed the cubicle door, "Let me know if you need any help. I'll be back in five minutes for your sample." I don't think I was really trying anything on then, but after five minutes had gone, during which time I'd been fantasizing about him jerking off his nine-incher in the cubicle, I went back to collect his sample.



Let's face it, Nigel – you've got a problem that no damn book is going to cure!

I knocked and went in when he answered. But as I went in, he said, "I'm afraid I'm having a bit of trouble. This vasectomy thing makes a guy worry, you know, and this cubicle isn't the sexiest place I've ever been in."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I replied, and although he was holding his jeans on his lap to cover himself, I could just see the knob of his semi-hard, circumcised dick peeping out from underneath.

By now my thoughts, getting hotter by the second, were moving fast, and making sure the door was shut I said, "Let's see if I can give you a helping hand. Usually there are a few nudie pics pinned up in here to help you – but they're always disappearing. Maybe I can show you something to make it easier." With that, I pulled aside his jeans. Sure enough, he had plenty of meat, but it wasn't really hard enough to get an ejaculation. "Mmm, let's see what the nurse can do," I said. First of all I undid my bursting apron front and unfastened the front of my blue tunic. My full breasts, squeezed together in my tight black bra, offered themselves to my patient. "Nice, aren't they?" I said, holding the cups in my hands. "Come on, this ought to make you hard," and I lifted my boobs out of my bra.

My patient was sitting there, glassy-eyed, but his prick was swelling rapidly and was easily the nine inches I'd fantasized about.

continued on page 20

Dear Rosanna,

I'll get straight to the point. I'd like to see another picture of you like the ones that appeared in Vol 17 No 10, so that I can dream that I'm fucking you senseless. You look as if that's what you'd like a man to do, and I bet you like to take it hard from behind. I'd like to see you looking as if you're desperate for it. Would this be possible? – ***Matthew, Leicester***

Of course, Matthew, and here I am again. And I'm imagining it too. **– Rosanna** ♣

TWANG!

Records reviewed by **Van Doonican**

There are certain things without which this world would be a far better place. Disease, apartheid, war and famine spring readily to mind. And Five Star.

Few recording artistes annoy me as much as the prancing Pearsons from Essex (which, as it happens, is also one of the country's most unpleasant counties). Paler than Michael Jackson but not quite as pretty (and nowhere near as talented), the wretched family nevertheless insist on aping The Man himself to a ridiculous extent, with the result that *Rock The World* (Tent) sounds like a complete LP's worth of Wacko Jacko off-cuts. I was unlucky enough to receive a review copy of the CD, which has two *extra* tracks on it – extended versions of *Another Weekend* and *Rock My World, both* of which are already *on* the album! It's enough to make you go into a fit of *italics*! Give me famine or disease any day.

Someone who *does* display more than a bit of musical competence is New York saxophonist, Najee. And his *Day By Day* LP on EMI Manhattan is a rather pleasant collection of instrumentals, with just the odd bit of backing vocals thrown in for good measure. It's tuneful, soulful... and, well, isn't the sax God's own instrument, anyway?

One possible drawback is that this is the type of music you could imagine that Dave Lee Travis – or the Hairy Armpit, or whatever it is he likes to call himself – would use as background to those piss-awful wedding announcements on his Saturday morning radio show. Don't hold it against Najee, though, even if he does have a silly name.

Another soul offering from EMI Manhattan doesn't quite have the same appeal. *Makes You Wanna* by Pieces of a Dream sounds like a lot of session musicians who've got together to try and make themselves a few bob (hell, maybe that's just what *has* happened!). It's all very laid back and uninspirational – they've even done an instrumental cover version of Simply Dreadful's *Holding Back The Years*. Listen out for it in hotel lobbies.

Onward, then, to a young lady who has joined Sam Brown (reviewed in Vol 17 No 9) in the A&M Records stable of female vocalists with impressive debut LPs. She's a Californian called Toni Childs, and the LP's called *Union*. Some of the tracks are a bit wimpish, but when she turns it on – as on the excellent *Zimbabwae* (yes, that's how she spells it), and the stirring opener to the nine-track set, *Don't Walk Away* – she don't half sound good. Which may or may not have something to do with the fact that she's never been to Essex. ♣

Phew! This month we've gone heavy metal crazee! What a wild, wild world rock 'n' roll is, eh, cats? And these heavy metal geezers have got to be the baddest of the whole lot, that's for sure. We reckon that none of them ever get to bed before 10pm, and some of them might not even be virgins. We're not telling which ones, though.

Of course, they're all macho mayhem specialists. Nothing's too naughty for

Old fave 'Legless Lemmy', along with the lady who put the head into Motorhead. Playing with the loudest band in the world for so long has confused poor old Lem so

'Rambo' Randy Piper, ex-WASP axe merchant now fronting future megastars Animal. ***(Who? Did they ever play with Andy Williams? – Ed.)***

Snapped SPECIAL

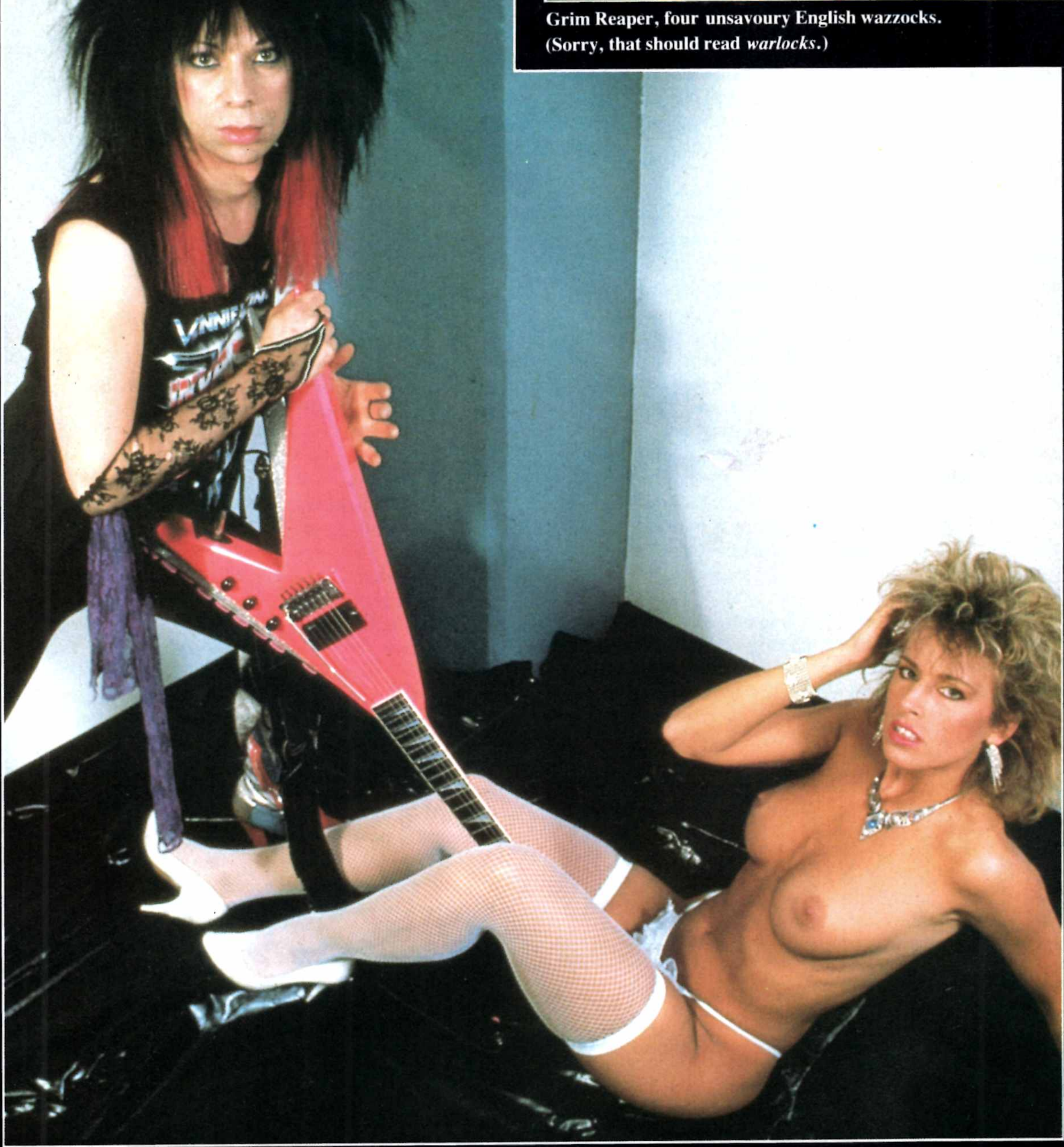
these guys – not even standing next to a lady with no clothes on. (The lady, that is.) ♣

C.G.S. GASH TOUR
C.G.S. GASH TOUR

Grim Reaper, four unsavoury English wazzocks. (Sorry, that should read *warlocks*.)

Motörhead
CAPTAIN!
PORT
STARBOARD

much, he forgets which bits of his women are which – so he writes himself notes on them to remind him. Even then he gets it wrong. They're called 'tits', mate.

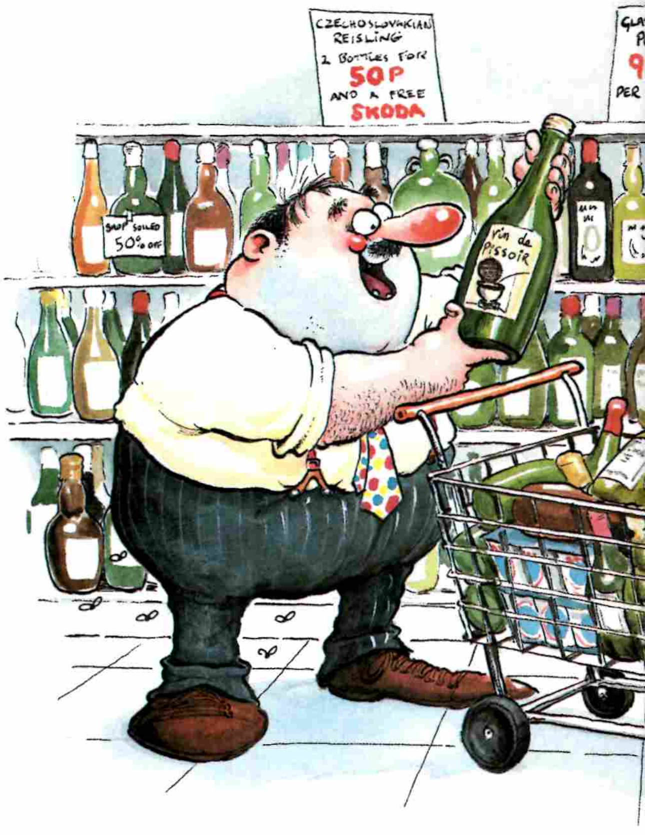

VINNIE VINCENT

Vinnie Vincent, ex-Kiss, now fronting the Vinnie Vincent Invasion (a reference to his *hairstyle*, we understand).

Poison, a crew of lovable HM moptops from Hollywood. And the band are the ones at the back, by the way.

GOBBLE!

An amazing selection of wines is on offer at your local supermarket. But if you're wise, you'll only drink those passed by ***Nathaniel Fatbastard****.*



As my personal assistant was off sick with a dose of the hot fudge brownies following a dodgy barghee from *The Fart Pavilions* Indian Take Away in Battersea, I've been forced to fend for myself. Yesterday, this entailed a trip to my local supermarket, and what a revelation that was. *Stainways* Megahype Store (Unit 37, Archbishop Tutu Industrial Estate, Catford) not only offers 25 different powders for getting skid marks out at lower temperatures, but an incredibly wide selection of exotic foods and wines guaranteed to put them back.

As soon as you walk in, you are met with a huge array of deformed veg from countries that obviously think nothing of eating something that looks and tastes like your grandad's scrotum. Then comes a bewildering choice of cheeses, from the French ones that look like a two-week-old take out from the local sperm bank to varicose veined lumps such as Stilton that bring back fond memories of Granny without her support hose. But sod all that stuff. Go straight instead to the licensed section and marvel at *Stainways'* much prized collection of over 50 different vintages and *vin ordinaires,* all of which will have you well rat-arsed for under a fiver.

I know what you're thinking. Wine is for faggoty Frenchmen who couldn't piss a pint let alone drink it. True, but nothing impresses a bird more than demanding a bottle of the 1963 Chateau Renault Douze rather than plumping for the house white. Believe me, choose the right wines and you'll have her eating out of your trousers in no time, and supermarket vino is a very good way to practise.

Despite all the crap talked about it, there are really only four different types of table wine – Red Burgundy (a full-bodied, fruity fucker), German Reisling (a white as dry as a kraut tart's knickers), Sauterne (sickly stuff useful for getting girls called Tracey pissed) and Beaujolais (cheap red shit for taking to parties). You can forget the iron curtain crap from Third World winemakers like Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. They may taste okay, but how many floozies are gonna love you for turning down a vintage Bugatti Royale in favour of a 1983 Lada?

Besides those, there are only two other names you need to know, Champagne and Valpolicella. Nothing impresses a girl more than a big bottle of bubbly. Of course, you don't have to go for the real thing like *Dom Perignon* or *Bollinger* at £15 a bottle. Anything with a foil neck that goes pop will do fine. I recommend Spumante (that's Italian for "throw up a lot"). It's dirt cheap and to the uneducated palate or Park Drive smoker, it tastes just the same. Valpolicella, on the other hand, could be called the Ferrari of wines. It's Italian, red, never comes in less than 2-litres and will have you roaring into the pits at 100mph next morning.

The way wine is served depends on the type. If it's a cheeky little white with an impertinent nose (wine-bibbers jargon for vinegary as old arseholes), bung it in the fridge. If it's half-frozen, no-one gives a toss what it tastes like. Red wine, on the other hand, should be chambreed (that is, served at room temperature). Carrying it next to your armpit achieves this effect very nicely if you're in a hurry. Then pour into half pint tumblers and hand to your bimbo. Never bother with dainty wine goblets. There's nothing worse than constantly having to take your hand out of a pair of juice-sodden St Michaels to top up the glasses.

Back at *Stainways*, I plumped for a 2-litre plastic bottle of Val (£3.50), a sweet white Spanish *Sauterne 1969 Cortina Mk Two* at £1.50 for my P.A. and 24 cans of Barp lager (£9.99), then joined the Under Eight Item check

IN·THE·BAG

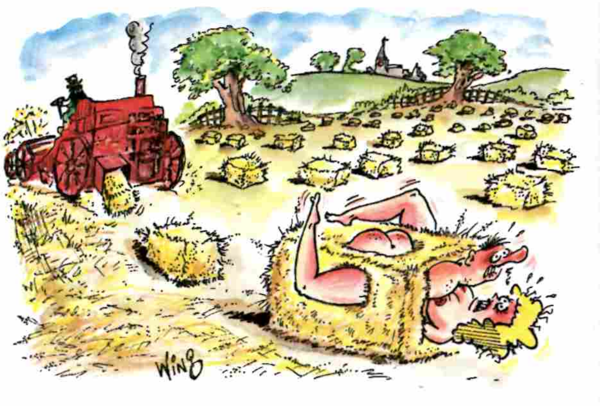
continued from page 18

"Let's see your sample, then," I said, took hold of his hot, rigid cock in my right hand, and started wanking him slowly.

I thrust my tits into his face and he sucked eagerly on my pink, tingling nipples. It really felt wonderful. My pussy was oozing juices and I ached for his juicy meat, but I did at least remember that a cock-load of spunk up my cunt was no use as a sample! I kept stroking his hardness and revelling in the sensational tingles in my breasts. We were both panting wildly and it was only as I felt him jerking to orgasm that I remembered the bloody sample.

I managed to catch his spunk in my hand. There was loads of it, thick and creamy, and I dribbled it into the sample jar. "Very nice," I murmured. "That looks like a couple of weeks worth at least!"

My cunt was red-hot though, and I had to be satisfied. "Please lick me out," I begged, shamelessly. I lifted up my nurse's dress, and revealed my skimpy black panties and nylons. I pulled aside the wet crotch and, opening my legs, pushed my patient's head between my stockings that were streaked with my juices. He soon found my love button with his probing tongue and sucked me to a shuddering orgasm. By the time he had finished I noticed that his cock was recovering and said, "Your problem seems to have gone away. Why don't you produce another sample, but this time you can shoot it up my hot hole." I bent over then, and pulled down my panties to let him penetrate me from behind with his full, thick length.



He absolutely filled me and shafted me to a sizzling climax. "There's obviously no ill-effect from the operation, sir," I said. "You come back in a month to provide another sample. I'll be waiting for you." And I am – I'm counting the days to his appointment. – *Jennifer, Manchester*

Celebrity Bares

I used to buy your magazine a few years ago when you ran that greatly appreciated *Celebrity Indiscretions* series, so when I noticed that you were beginning to return to

J. Griffiths

out. Unfortunately I was stuck behind an old lady buying ten tins of Kattomeat and paying with yen travellers cheques, and my hastily consumed lunch made a liquid reappearance on the bar code reading equipment. I wouldn't have minded but the machine registered it as a family sized pizza and charged me £3.50.

***Nathaniel Fatbastard is Consultant Editor of* Food Recycling Daily. ♣**

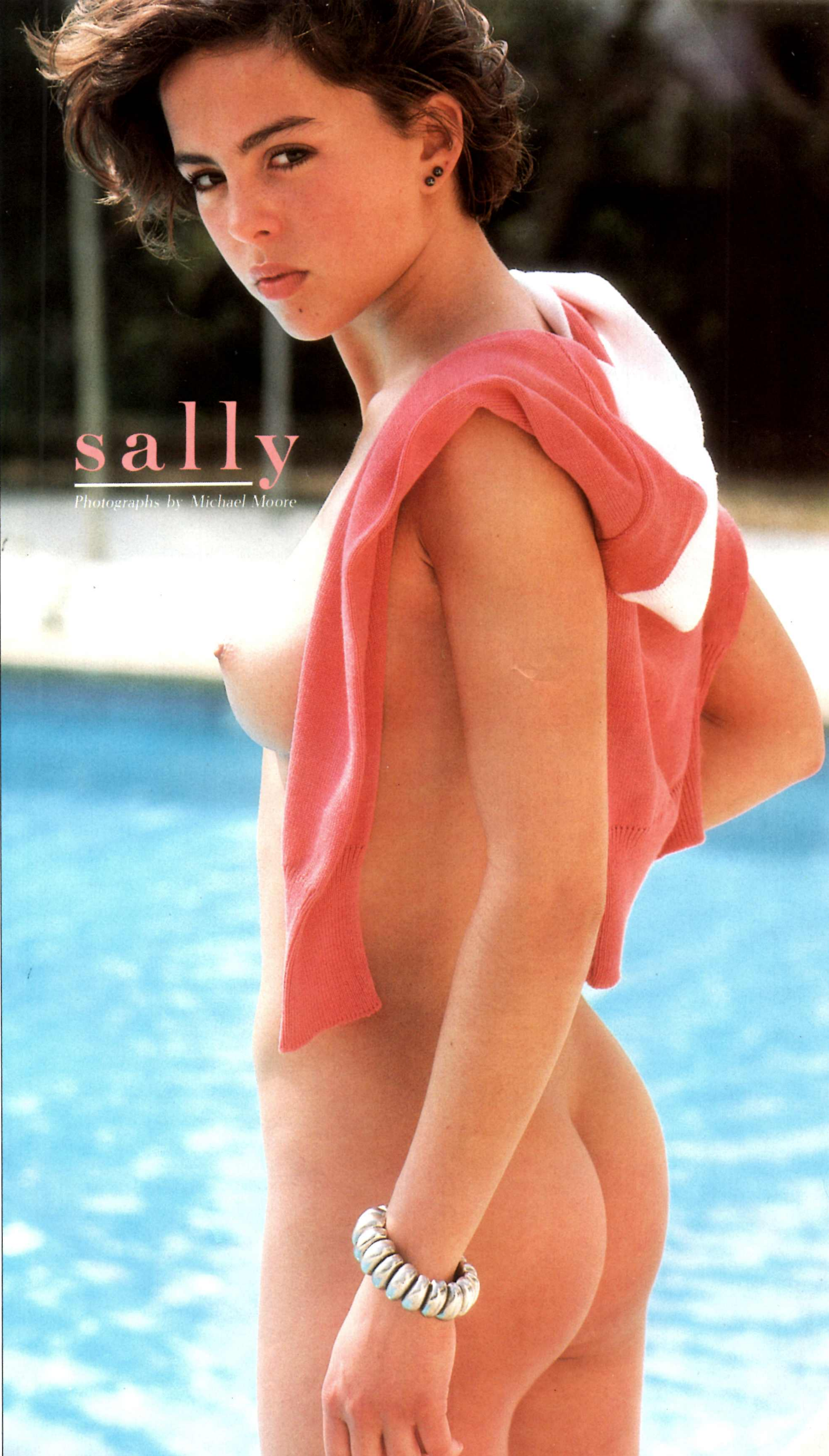
the Celebrity theme I bought Vol 17 No 7. I'm impressed! A witty and sexy magazine all round. Lovely girls, and for once not cluttered with a surfeit of exotic underwear as in so many magazines. As you can imagine, I turned first to *Snapped!* and was greatly amused by the photos and the comments, especially concerning Sharron Davies. Having a twisted mind I derive a great deal of satisfaction from seeing actresses, sportswomen and TV presenters treated purely as crumpet – overt recognition of the sexual interest we all have in them, however much they prefer to imagine otherwise. The more lewd your comments the better!

The caption of the Brigitte Nielsen photo indicates that

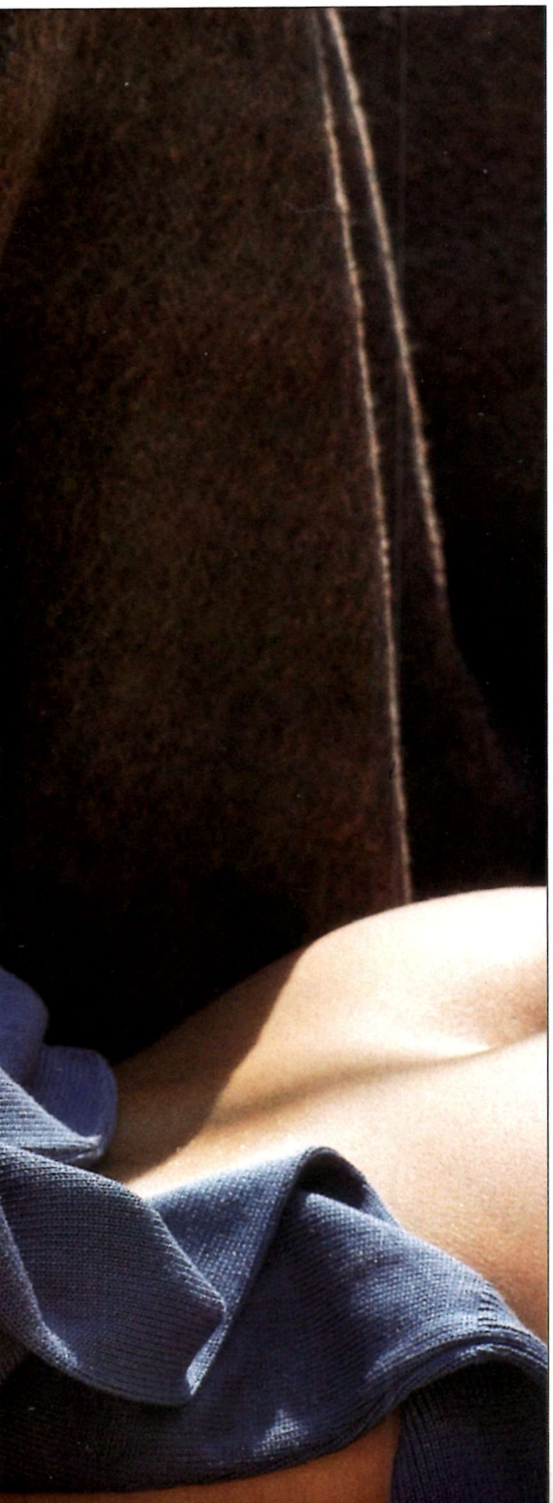
continued on page 28

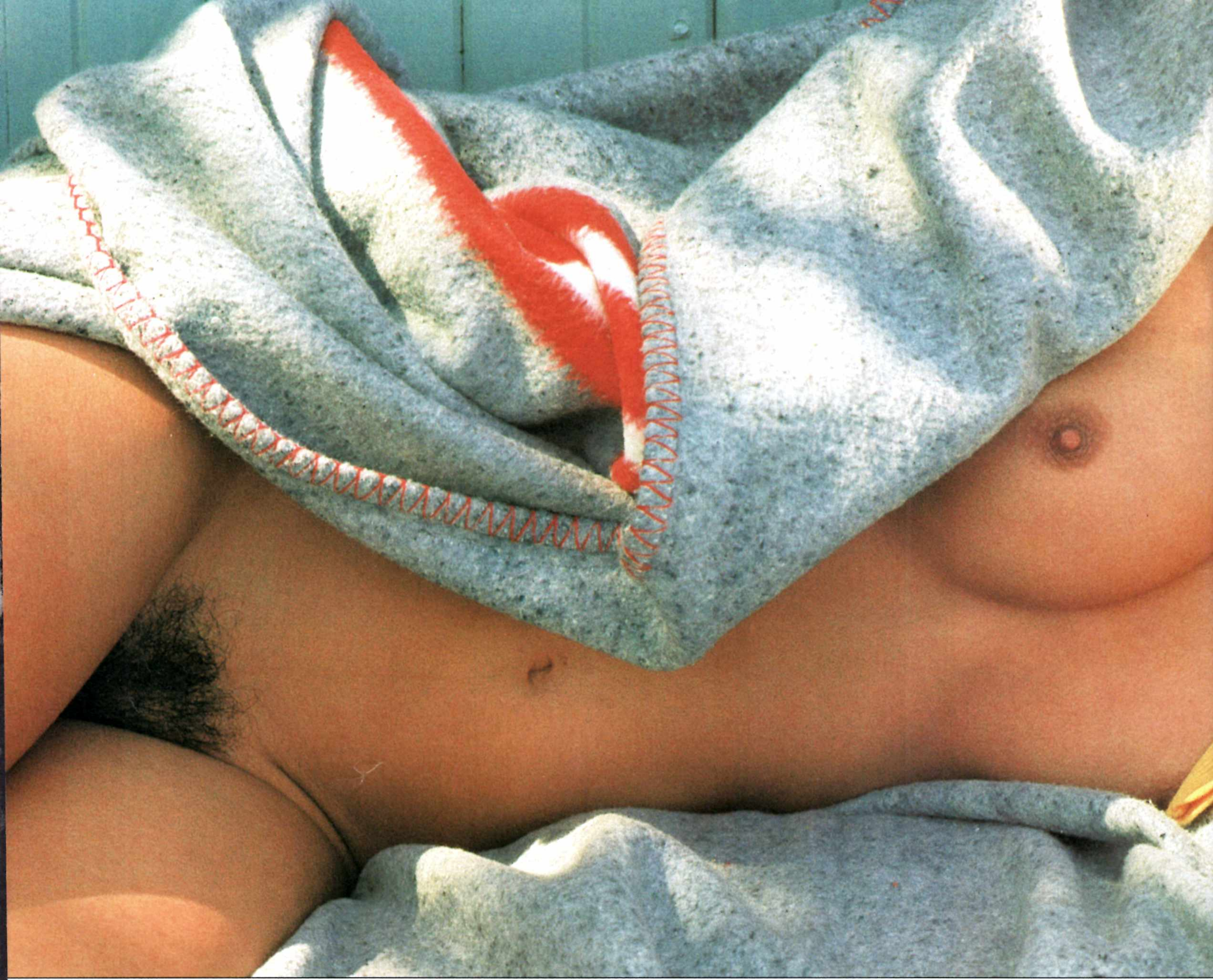
sally

Photographs by Michael Moore



If you can tear your eyes away from Sally for a moment, you might find this scenery looks a bit familiar. And 19-year-old Sally was delighted





when we packed her off to Venice for our Holiday Girl shoot.

"It's such a beautiful, romantic city," she told us. "Much nicer than Basildon, where I come from. Though I must say, I prefer the men in Basildon to Italians. Those Essex lads certainly know how to keep a girl happy!"♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 21

her tight trousers are intimately revealing – a pity then that your minute presentation and blurry print obscured the fact!

I take it you made a firm agreement with one of the photographers going to Seoul for the Olympics. Those angelic sprinters, those curvy gymnasts! Please give us a feature of leotard crotches, bouncing breasts and most of all half-bare bottoms. Those gorgeous black sprinters are so appetising when they bend to their blocks – the shorts begin to squeeze upwards and their bums emerge proudly quivering. Then, after the race their briefs give up all hope of preserving modesty and disappear up into the arse-crack to leave twin globes of wobbling bum-flesh basking in the sun! – *PR, Huntingdon*

Disco Meat Beat

I have been reading your magazine since I was 18, thanks to my father, and I have finally got around to writing this amazing story about a girl I fancied something chronic.

I was about 20 at the time and was invited to a disco by somebody I wasn't too keen on; but when I heard my dream girl was going, I just couldn't refuse.

I had been there for an hour and it was beginning to drag on, so I decided I would ask her to dance. But when I finally plucked up the courage, she had just disappeared upstairs towards the loo.

I decided I would ask her when she came down, but after five minutes there was still no sign of her.

By this time I was dying for the loo myself, and also curious about why she hadn't come down, so I quietly climbed the stairs. Without thinking, I opened the door. The light was on, but I just thought the person before me had left it on.

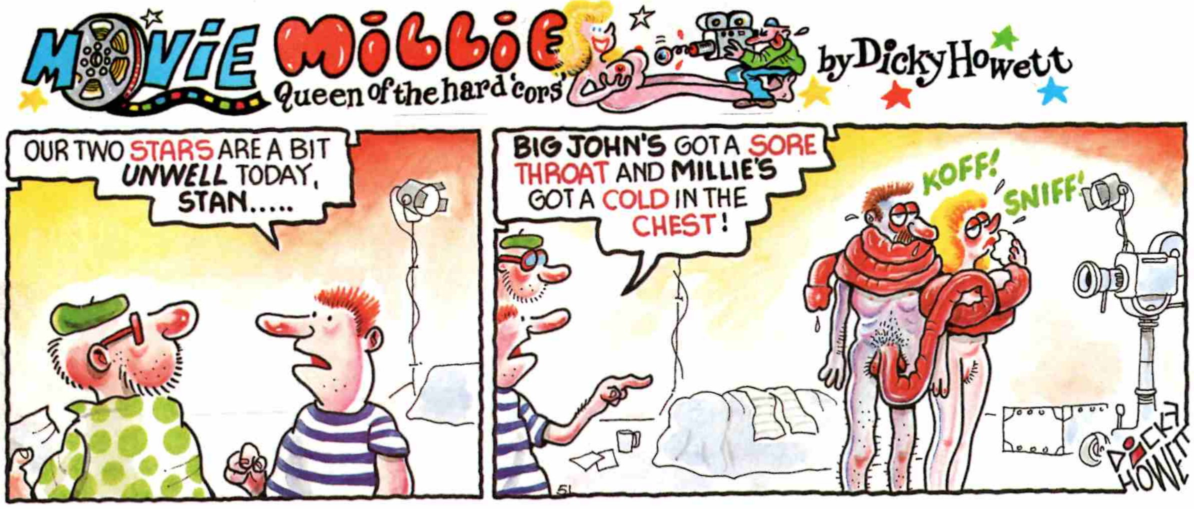
I turned to see Donna (my dream girl) on the floor of the large room, inserting a gigantic dildo into her pussy. I blushed, but after a long explanation she told me she was dying to be fucked, but there wasn't anybody downstairs worth fucking except me. And she didn't think I would have the guts!

I was just about to oblige when there was a loud banging on the door and a drunken voice yelled: "Get out of that fucking bog, I need a piss!"

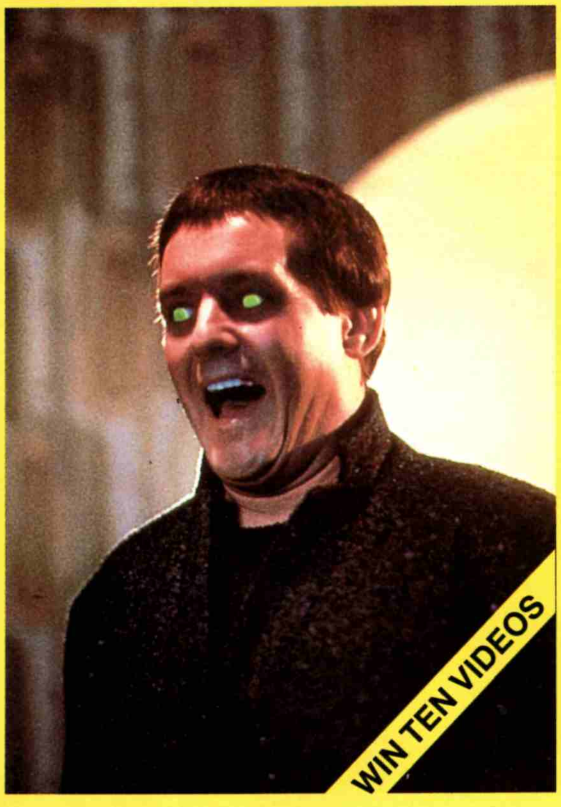
We left the house and walked along the road talking, but all the time my prick was aching to feel her pussy walls. Just then we came to a field with a low hedgerow surrounding it. She didn't say anything, just pulled me in, and I knew what I was heading for!

She unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off, revealing her well-formed breasts in her white lacy bra. By now my erection was so big I could feel it trying to burst out. She slowly started wanking me with even strokes. I could feel myself coming and it was no good holding back, as I shot gallons of spunk all over her skirt.

"Well, now it's wet I might as well take it off," she said. She slowly slipped it off to reveal her lace knickers, through which I could see a small triangle of pubic hair. I slowly slid her knickers down


MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
OUR TWO STARS ARE A BIT UNWELL TODAY, STAN.....
BIG JOHN'S GOT A SORE THROAT AND MILLIE'S GOT A COLD IN THE CHEST!
KOFF!
SNIFF!
DICKY HOWETT
51

EYE SPY



Here at the Club HQ, there's nothing we like better than a good horror pic. So when we're not looking at the Ed's holiday snaps, we're watching chillers like *Retribution*, a real beaut of a screamer that's full of more blood and gore than Smithfield Market.

The story follows the trail of an artist whose failed suicide attempt leaves his body possessed by the spirit of a late lamented homicidal gangster. And *that's* just for openers. When he starts rampaging about with an acetylene torch, you'll really be trembling in your Hush Puppies. Our Allan was anyway, as you will see from the review in *Taped!*.

And thanks to those lovely cuddly bunnies at Medusa Video, you could be shaking in your shoes too, cos they've handed us ten videos for all you gore freaks to win. Just study the picture you see here. This poor bloke seems to be having problems with his contact lenses. But we're sure that you'll have no problems thinking up a suitably humorous caption to explain the situation.

Send your wisecracks to: Acetylene Rampage, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The best ten out of Bryce's boxer shorts get lucky. As if *that* wasn't enough of a treat anyway. ♣

CAPTION ....

....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

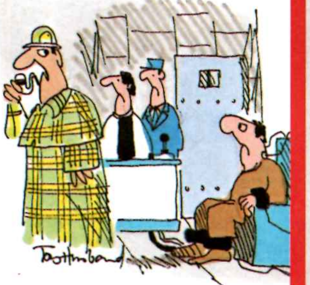
....

and I could see her cunt lips were already soaking with her own juice. She looked as if she was desperate for a shag, and I was hoping that I could oblige. But so soon after shooting my lot, I had my doubts. She could see my problem, so she said, "Why don't you use your tongue instead? I love it when a guy licks me out."

I didn't hesitate, but poked my tongue inside her, tasting her juice. By now she was beginning to moan, and after a minute she let out a shriek of pleasure as a powerful orgasm shook her body. She whispered to me: "Put your prick inside. I want to feel your spunk." I positioned myself, opened her cunt lips, and gently slid my prick in; it was the most wonderful feeling of my life (I had only fucked a girl once before and that was when I was pissed). I moved in and out, slowly speeding up until I shot my spunk deep inside her just as she exploded into an orgasm, and I felt her vaginal muscles clamp around my prick as I continued emptying myself.

After a good shag like that, we could both barely walk – and it was hilarious trying to get her home without a skirt on, after I'd spunked on it. But it was well worth it.

Since then we have had many more fucks, which are all stories of their own. I even ended up marrying her! *– JT, Hants*



Someone in this room is the murderer and I think I know who it is . . .

TOP TITS

Titter. That's always been my favourite word. Apart from great gelatinous boobs, that is – and that's three words so it doesn't count.

There's something about the way titter rolls off the tongue, that first light little syllable "tit" just getting you in the mood for what's to follow.

But the best thing about a titter is its use. A titter only comes from the mouths of the most pork-worthy girls. And when they titter, those lovely firm boobs just shake, rattle and roll. And that's just the way I like 'em. – *Gary Garbonza* ♣

ASK ANDREA

YOU NAME IT, MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

Judging by the amount of letters arriving for me at the Club offices just now, my request spot is more popular than ever, and one request in particular seems to crop up again and again. So I thought that I'd satisfy the thousands of men who want to see me as a rubber mistress.

The person whose letter most appealed to me was George of London, who's *dying* to be dominated:

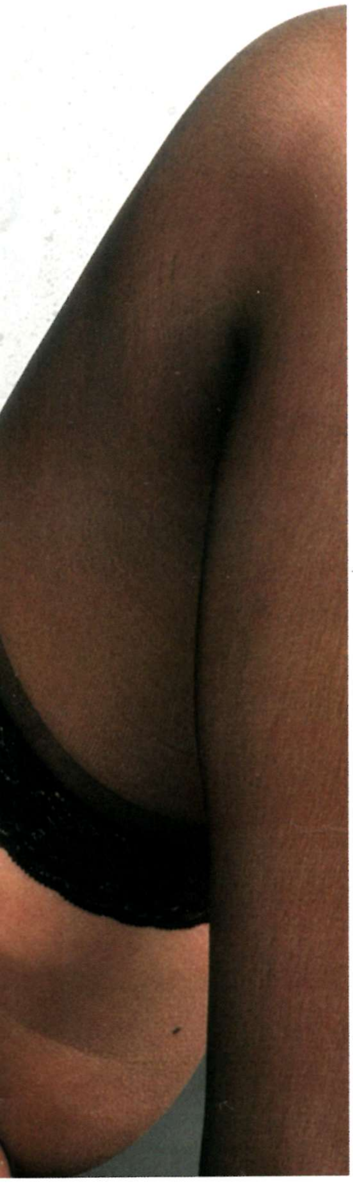
"I'd love to see you dressed in black rubber, Andrea – it's been my fantasy ever since I first saw you. Any kind of rubber clothing would look wonderful on your perfectly proportioned frame – as long as it's *black* rubber. I know that you'd make a most convincing mistress.

"My main fantasy when I imagine you like this is that I'm late home from the office one night and you are waiting for me. You are brandishing a cane which you tap into your palm, and when I come in you drag me upstairs and tell me that I'm to be your domestic servant for the night. You make me kneel while you dress me in your French maid's outfit, and I have to pander to your every whim."

It's a scene I can imagine myself too, George, so I hope I've made your fantasy come to life here! ♣

All clothes available exclusively from: Ectomorph, Unit 1, 42-44 De Beauvoir Crescent, Kingsland Road, London N1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM



letters to ANDREA

Dear Andrea,
I've just got hold of the latest Club and had to rush home for a wank over you with the other blonde, Melody. It's a beautiful set, especially the pics of your two pussies together.

I would love to see you in some nice, tight cycling outfit out in the country on a lovely sunny day. I'd love to see various pics of you sitting on the racing saddle with your gorgeous pussy spread over it, with views from front and rear. Then you could ride around a bit before settling down on the grass, with your legs wide open, for a little bite to eat.

This would be a banana (of course!) which you wouldn't eat straight away, but would lick and suck on before eating it, with some close ups of you sucking it. – Jim, Bristol

Nothing better than a good, hard, hot ride on a sunny day, I reckon!

Dear Andrea,
Your pictures dressed as a secretary in Vol 17 No 8 were fantastic. I wish you worked in my office. You would sit opposite me on the edge of your desk and pull up your skirt to reveal your stockings and suspenders and those horny black knickers of yours. Then I would come over, lie you on the desk and pull your panties down to your ankles. With my two thumbs I would pull your cunt lips apart to lick and suck your juicy wet cunt while you pulled your blouse open and started to fondle your lovely big boobs.

You want to be fucked hard, so you get on all fours on the floor and I thrust my prick up your wide, wet pussy. I'd really shag your cunt hard; my balls would slap against your arse and your tongue would be going

wild as you moaned with pleasure. I slide out and you wank my cock hard until I spurt my hot, creamy spunk all over your belly, tits and face. You rub it into your tits and lick the excess off my well satisfied prick.

Well, that's my fantasy, Andrea. I'm just about to shoot my come after writing this letter to you. I only wish you could be here to catch it in your mouth, Andrea. – HGE, West Midlands

I can tell you've done office practice before. I'll see you for some overtime after hours!

Dear Andrea,

Recently, I was delighted to see female wrestling live, and the thrill of seeing two scantily clad women rubbing against each other's bodies was unbelievable. Needless to say, many masturbatory fantasies recently have all revolved around your gorgeous nude body dressed only in a headband and wrestling boots, smeared with baby oil, grappling with another similarly (un)dressed girl. The thought of two such bodies naked and touching in *all* of the wrestling's places is mind blowing.

So PLEASE Andrea, could you do a set like this with another model (say, Stacy Winfield) as my penis is rock hard just thinking of your naked, glistening body straddling her sleek figure in a wrestling hold. – Kevin, Telford

Mud wrestling is a popular request, Kevin, but it might be a little messy. Perhaps I could wrestle in something more exotic. What do you reckon?

Dear Andrea,

Please, please, *please* could we see you appear dressed in a sexy nurse's uniform, complete with black stockings and suspenders.

The reason I ask is that my greatest fantasy is that I am suffering from an illness where the only cure is for a beautiful nurse (yourself) to come to my house and strip down to her stockings and suspenders. You would then suck me off while I lick your lovely clitty, and then I would fuck you doggy-style while my hands fondle your lovely firm breasts.

This treatment is to be taken twice daily, changing the fucking position each time. – Roy, Surrey

Just what the doctor ordered. Roy!

Dear Andrea,

I have been driven to wanking to the point of exhaustion by your wonderful pictures in Club – and I have loved every second of it! I have a fantastic and original idea for your next set. I hope you don't think it's too kinky. I would love to see you *completely nude*. Not that I mind seeing you dressed in all sorts of sexy ways, but I would go weak at the knees and hard in the cock to see you spreadeagled naked on a broad bed covered with silky sheets and pillows. Without any clothes to worry about, you could concentrate on showing off every bit of your incomparable body.

Most of all, I'd love to see you on your back, propped up a little by the pillows, with your legs wide open, and your eyes and pussy saying, "Come here and fuck me." When you pose like that for me, just imagine me stroking up my come for you, because that's what I'll be doing.

Remember, naked is sexiest! – Andy, Liverpool

I love being nude – it's my favourite outfit! Perhaps I could do some total nude shots soon, but I must admit that I do like to dress up, too. But keep waiting, Andy . . .

Dear Andrea,

Up to now, I've not had the pleasure of seeing whether the saying "red hat, no knickers" is adhered to by ladies. I often dream of you arriving at my front door dressed smartly in black with a red hat. You introduce yourself as a lingerie saleswoman, and ask if I would be interested in purchasing some for my other half. Naturally, I invite you in and suggest you model some of the range. You agree, and as you strip off my dream is realised – stockings and suspenders but no knickers. In my dreams, very little modelling is ever done; I wonder why! Well, is it true? – Ray, Kent

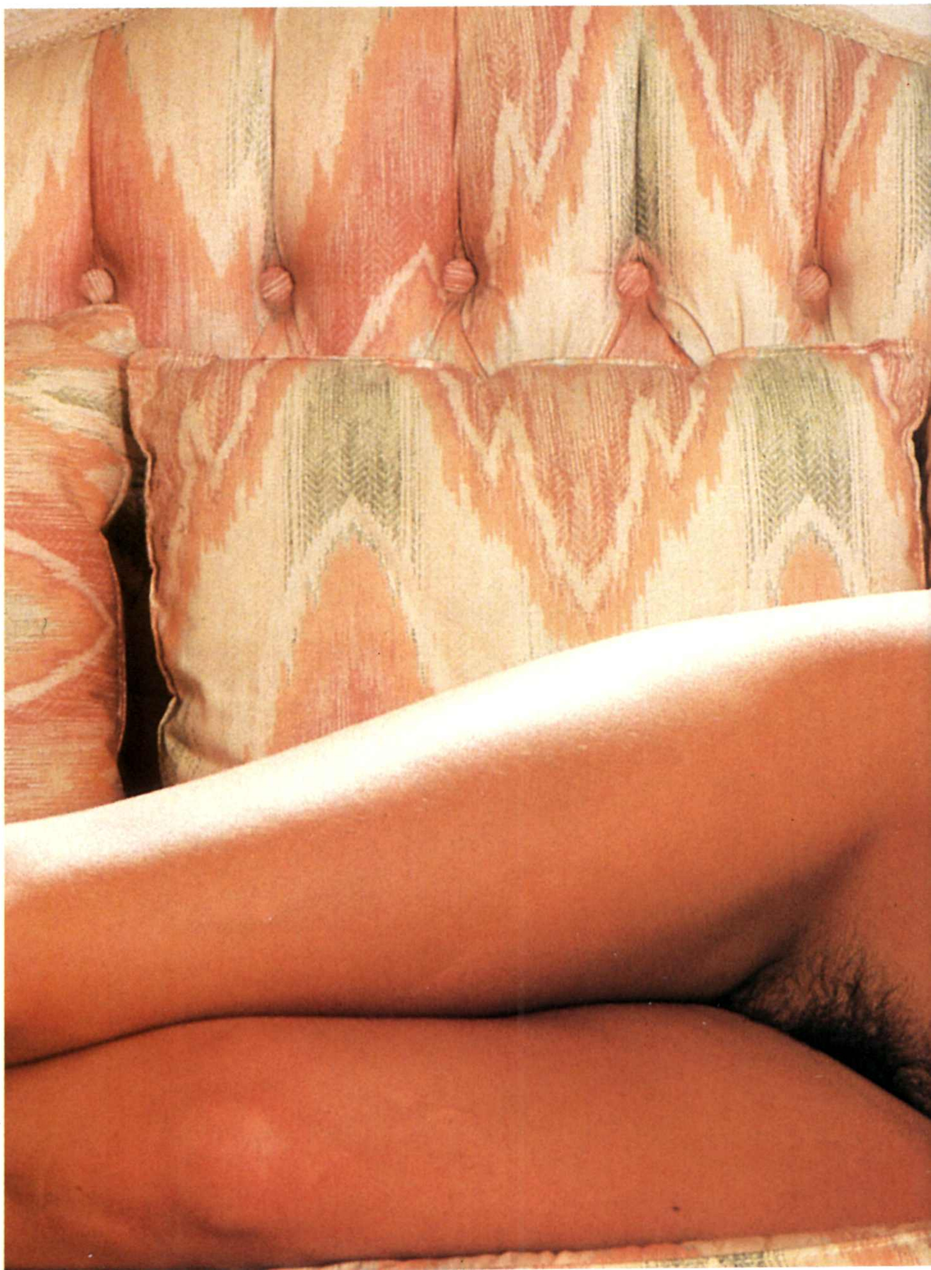
I'm delighted to tell you that it's entirely true! Although, in my case, it's "any hat, no knickers" – because I never wear undies except in my photo sessions, and then they don't stay on for long!♣

Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!

Stacy

Photographs by Tony Ryland

Like the actress said to the bishop – this is getting repetitive, but I'm enjoying it. Seems like Stacy Winfield is appearing in Club nearly as often as our own Andrea Clarke. And it's all your fault: you *will* keep asking for her back!



"I've got nearly 2,000 letters from Club readers at home, and I love reading every one!" says Stacy. "You say that makes me Club's number two girl: well, I can tell you, Club readers

are my number one boys!"

Nice feeling, isn't it, lads? ♣

THE HIT LIST

part three

LISA BONET

SAYING THAT LISA BONET IS HOT IN HOLLYWOOD JUST NOW IS THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR. AND AS HE DROOLS OVER HIS TYPEWRITER, **CHRIS LLOYD** WAS NEVER ONE FOR AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

Try this. I am staring at a pin-up, a piece of cheesecake, the effect of which is truly punishing. The girl has caramel skin, is really quite petite and what certain journalists like to call 'tastefully nude'. This means that a raised thigh obscures the pubic hair (though hardly the buttock shape), while two cupped hands and long thick strands of curly, wet-look hair manage to conceal the tits. Further features include a ring inserted into the right nostril and a pair of lips, generous enough to make pouting irrelevant. Her eyes gaze back at you with that combination of sleepy sensuality and candour that suggests she has just gone the whole distance with someone she loves.

There is text attached to this, teasing around the word *hot*. "To me," she says, "hot means uncompromising. It means non-conforming, not afraid, just be what you are and what you feel. I think if you're gonna go for it, you might as well go for it. What else? Oh yeah, hot is also someone who has nice lips."

The girl is Lisa Bonet and, so far, aged 19, both her screen career (small and wide) and her body could safely come under the heading of hot. Or maybe more like 'on fire'.

When she was just 15, she was singled out from a platoon of nubiles by Bill Cosby to take the part of Denise Huxtable in *The Cosby Show*, that relaxed family affair which has topped the US TV ratings for the past three years. Funnily enough, the ultra-respectable domestic sit com has also made some of Channel 4's best viewing figures lately. But perhaps that has more to do with Lisa than the gags?

So, there were three years of moral perfection ahead. That can be hard, especially for a kid whose real parents were, in order of appearance, a Jewish lady and an ants-in-pants opera singer, part black, part Cherokee Indian, who split soon after the deed. This explains the skin tones and her taunting childhood nickname on the block: Orea. Apparently that's a type of Stateside biscuit that's black outside and white in the centre.

However, it was this soft Creole look which first attracted film director Alan Parker to her for the role of Epiphany Proudfoot in his movie, *Angel Heart*, a sort of underage voodoo priestess who drinks chicken blood and claims she's been melted by the gods. The film seems to combine horror and satanism with the hard-boiled detective thriller. Lisa thought it was fun playing Epiphany "because she is so sexual. You discover things about yourself that way. It's like being caught with your hand in the cookie jar."

What really caused the furore wasn't either the voodoo angle or, necessarily, the overt sensuality of the character, but the presence

of a seriously sweaty erotic scene near the end of the picture where, inside a shabby, leaky New Orleans rooming house, the detective (played by Mickey Rourke) and she engage in a frenzied fornication tableau, the violence of which is hard to swallow, if you happen to be unprepared for it.

Let me tell you about that scene. It'll interest you. The rain's coming down pretty fast when he lets her into the room, so he puts some cups and buckets around to catch the drips. She says she's 17, old enough to have had a kid. "Are you sorry?" he wants to know. "No," she says, "I'm not sorry. It was the best fuck I ever had." She asks him to dance and receives his arms, standing on the bed, then slides down his body, playing with his face and kissing him wildly. Cut to shots of her lying beneath him on the rotten mattress, nipples erect. Then a wonderful arch upwards of her buttocks to meet him, suggesting the moment she's accepted his cock inside her. The drops of rain become streams – and then streams of rain become streams of blood. It spatters them as they writhe around, smashing into each other. At the climax, his hands are around her neck, almost strangling her. It's a bloody erotic scene – in both senses.

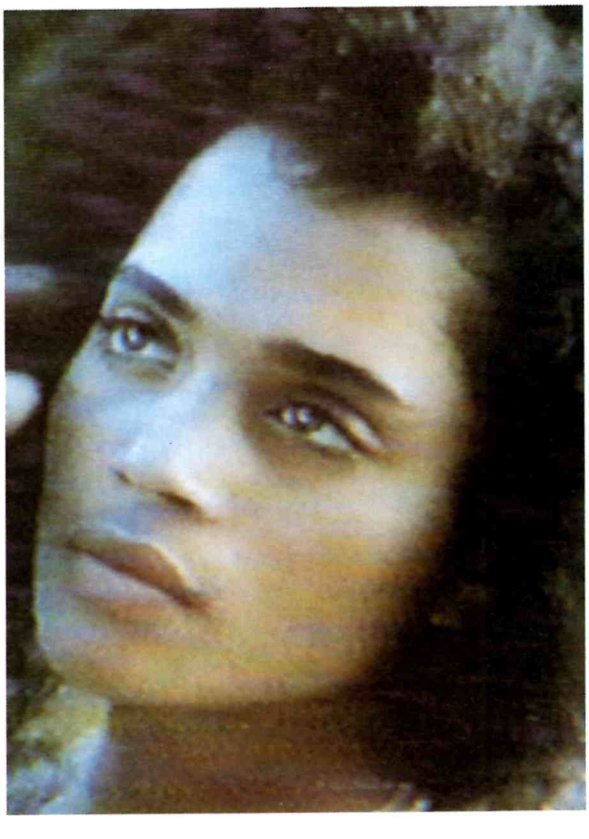
The wide-eyed *Cosby Show* image was blown to shreds. When the story broke in the papers, it recalled to mind the corporate bowel evacuations upon discovery that Marilyn Chambers, the Ivory Soap girl, was also the actress enjoying multi-favours in the Mitchell Brothers' skin flic, *Behind The Green Door*. There never were enough toiletries for that one.

But Lisa followed her instincts – and they were good. Once the mayhem cooled off, there was stimulation and renewed interest, high and low. That someone so demure and home-loving could volunteer for such an outrageous on-screen fuck fascinated more people than it outraged. It's not as if it appears to have bothered her a great deal: "The whole scandal's been ridiculous," she says, shrugging it off. "No matter what I do, I can't please some people. To my fans from *The Cosby Show*, anything I do that isn't sweetness and light might offend. But I'm not naughty. After *Angel Heart*, I have a new, very grown-up image, so the movie roles I'm offered reflect that."

On the one hand, she's back as Denise Huxtable in a spin-off version, called *A Different World*, after she's left home. "It's about Denise in college," she explains, "screwing up a lot, and teaching the world a lot of lessons." Does that sound so depraved?

You see, sex isn't entirely her future, by any means.

Amongst the roles she's turned down since *Angel Heart* is Roger Vadim's notion for her as the lead in his remake of *And God Created Woman*. If you recollect, it was originally carved out for Brigitte Bardot, his first wife and the ultimate nymphet. Lisa's reaction was firm, and one of her associates expanded on that: "The picture not only required extensive nudity, but great sensuality. Lisa could do that, but it isn't necessarily the aspect of herself she wishes to emphasise." Can't accuse her of prudery, though, not after what she's done. Might just be that she's a whole lot more intelligent than folks would like to believe. Knows when to make it, when to stop. And how to do it when it counts. As they say, if you can get through the twilight, you'll live through the night. ♣



camille

"The thing about big breasts," says Camille matter-of-factly, "is that so many men just want to put their faces between them."

And Camille should know better than most, for having been blessed with a generous 38 inches she's been coping with it for years.

"I've always been a well developed girl," she told us. "When I was a teenager I hated my big boobs, but now that I've reached the grand

Photographs by Scott Evans

old age of 21, I love 'em! And so do all *my boyfriends."*

Camille comes from Bristol (it's true – Ed), *so is she known as the Best Chest in the West?*

"I have heard that rumour," she admits. "But what guys usually say is that they like my boobs best when they bounce about as I'm riding them."

Can't say fairer than that, lads. ♣

camille

club

JUNGLE JUICE

In the sweaty heart of the Splatagonian rain forest, something stirs . . .

FICTION

BY DAVID ALEXANDER

"Go, Karna baby, go!" Frank Strummer yelled as he stood beyond the cone of hot light surrounding the fornicating couple on the motel room bed.

Her platinum hair swinging to and fro as she bounced up and down on the cock she straddled like some naked rodeo queen astride a bucking bronco, Karna Lust, Strummer's latest porn star sensation, squeezed her huge tits and moaned, *"Fuck me, fuck me!"* into an off-camera microphone.

"That's the way, Karna baby, that's the way!"

The porn producer was getting some great interior shots for an upcoming Frank Strummer production, *Wives and Cheaters*. Although he was in the city on other business, Strummer was not a man to let anything go to waste when it came to creative passion.

"Now!" Strummer hollered. *"Pull out and come your load!"*

As Karna rose to her knees above his sweat-glazed pelvis, Mike Bators, veteran of 300 movies, whipped out his ten-inch cock and ejaculated on cue all over Karna's flat, tight belly. Cooing with delight, Karna knelt to catch the tail end of the gooey geyser erupting from Bators' prick all over her breasts and face, finishing the scene by lapping up the cream on her cheeks and nipples like a kitten.

* * *

The Museum of Natural History overlooked the park. Strummer walked into the huge building, pausing to admire the dioramas of cavemen fighting sabre-toothed tigers with wooden clubs. "Memo to myself," he said into a cassette recorder he pulled from the pocket of his jacket. "Do caveman porn movie. Call it, *Neanderthal Nookie*."

Strummer was pleased with this stroke of genius, but he wasn't here to see the sights. The porn king had other business. He took the lift up to the museum's top floor and found the office he'd been instructed to go to.

Seated in the office was the noted English anthropologist Jane Hardwall and a lawyer with a contract on the desk.

"Okay," Strummer said, "let's get down to the nitty-gritty." He lit up a Cuban cigar and puffed before continuing. "We all know why we're here today."

"Indeed we do, Mr. Strummer," Hardwall replied. "The Black Sperm of Splatagonia. But..."

"No buts about it, lady," Strummer cut in. "You know my terms for financing this expedition. We've already been over the details." The porn king didn't want any more lip about scientific responsibility or similar bullshit.

"I was merely trying to say, Mr. Strummer," Hardwall continued, "that the Black Sperm represents one of the most important anthropological phenomena of the 20th century, a kind of sexual missing link. The existence of a tribe of primitive cave dwellers in the Splatagonian rain forest who ejaculate this black fluid could set the study of human genetics on its ear. I'm sure you can understand that any sensationalism of this find could be harmful to the way the scientific community regards it."

"Look, lady," Strummer retorted, "personally I couldn't give a rat's prick about the scientific community, human genetics or any of that crapola. Those cavemen could shit ping-pong balls for all I care. But this Black Sperm angle is box office. It won't just make me rich, it'll make me *respectable*. I won't just be some fuckfilm-maker, I'll be the Jacques Cousteau of jism. Bringing back footage of these natives shooting that black spunk will put Frank Strummer on the fucking *map*."

He picked up a pen. "You signing first or do I?"

"You may have the honour, Mr. Strummer," Hardwall returned. The porn king shrugged and put his scrawl on the dotted line.

* * *

The sun was a merciless fireball in the clear blue sky as the Black Sperm Expedition climbed from its Land Rovers to stretch its legs by a babbling stream before plunging on into the Splatagonian bush.

Strummer and his crew moaned and held their stomachs as they lolled in the sweltering heat. They'd been afflicted with the Splatagonian Trots two days before. Their stomachs were churning vats.

"Anybody got the Arret?" Karna Lust hollered. Mike Bators threw her his. The stud and the porn starlet would be on hand to participate in the documentary. The Black Sperm might have all the makings of box office, but Strummer knew anything could stand a little schmaltzing-up. That black cock juice blasting all over Karna's creamy mammaries would be pure magic at the video stores.

> "But I won't just be some fuckfilm-maker, I'll be the Jacques Cousteau of jism."

The only member of the expedition who wasn't affected by the tropical environment was Jane Hardwall. The lady anthropologist looked fresh in her safari suit and floppy-brimmed bush hat as she sipped water from a canteen.

"Bitch," Karna said under her breath, handing Bators back his medicine. "I hope she shits herself inside out."

Suddenly Kundo, the party's guide, ran up to Strummer. "Look!" he shouted. "*Watabooni!*" Strummer stared where the little guy pointed but only saw the wind blow a bunch of dead leaves across the parched ground. Then he realized it wasn't leaves he was seeing, but a huge swarm of ants.

There must have been millions of ants in the swarm which formed a wide swathe as it disappeared into the jungle.

"Those are Splatagonian fire ants," the anthropologist told the porn king. "They are feared by every living creature in the jungle, including man."

"Yeah, I'll bet," said Strummer. He could almost feel the fire ants crawling over his body.

"When a great swarm is reported near, whole villages are evacuated from their line of march," Hardwall went on. "The ants are capable of devouring every man, woman and child in a village in only a few minutes, leaving only skeletons behind."

Strummer held his guts. He was starting to feel queasy.

"They breed so well," the anthropologist continued, "that a single pregnant fire ant can produce between 60 and 100 offspring." Hardwall turned away. "Oh yes, Mr. Strummer," she added as an afterthought, "I forgot to mention that this is the ants' season to march. We'll probably be seeing many more before the expedition is over."

* * *

The Splatagonians came down from the caves in the limestone cliffs in which they lived, fascinated and amused at the pale, sickly white men who had invaded their jungle realm.

"I tell them you come from far-off land to learn from Splatagonians," the guide translated. "I tell them we are peaceful." A young native wearing only a loin cloth stepped forward. "This their chief," the guide told Strummer.

Strummer looked at the chief. He had a head of unkempt hair, big eyes and rotten teeth. He carried a spear. There was a piece of bone through his nostrils.

"Tell him we've come to study the Black Sperm," Strummer told the guide. "That we want to show the world the greatness of his people."

"He say he show you black seed of Splatagonian cock," the guide interpreted. "Black seed of cock very beautiful. He want to give it to white woman." The guide pointed to Karna. "White woman with breasts like jungle melons."

"You hear that, Karna baby?" Strummer shouted. "He wants to pork your tits."

"Go for it," Mike Bators shouted.

The chief had pulled down his loincloth and was stroking his thick phallus, which was already almost fully erect as Karna walked over to him, squatted down on the jungle floor and began sucking his prick.

The chief yelled as he rocked his hips and shouted in his native language; his long, hard rod glistened with Karna's saliva.

"He say white woman suck like Splatagonian goddess of sex," Kundo interpreted. "Say he like this woman's cocksucking better than any of his wives give."

"Hear that, Karna baby?" Strummer shouted. "He loves it!"

Strummer hollered to his camera crew to get the lead out and start shooting the action. He also told Mike Bators to strip and get ready to fuck Karna from behind on his cue.

The chief was pistoning in and out of Karna's mouth while she fingered her own clit. The native's hands were squeezing her long, rubbery nipples and fondling her soft breasts.

On Strummer's signal, Bators knelt behind Karna and eased his stiff ten-incher into her tight, wet cunt, fucking Karna doggy-style while she gobbled up the native's hot pork.

Suddenly the chief groaned something and threw back his head. Karna's eyes went wide as her mouth was flooded with a river of hot, sticky come. The chief shouted suddenly as his tool popped out of Karna's mouth, its load of jizz squirting out.

Thick black wads of jism blasted into Karna's boobs and face. As the chief shot his load, Bators whipped his own dick out of Karna's cunt from behind and came his pearly white jism in a long stream all over her upraised buttocks and arching, swaying back.

"Amazing!" shouted Strummer. "That jizz is black. Fuckin' *black!*"

The only bystander who didn't share in the amazement was Jane Hardwall. The lady anthropologist seethed with rage. This vile little man had adulterated one of the greatest discoveries of the natural world, turned the Black Sperm into some cheap pornographic freak show! Jane Hardwall determined to put a stop to this travesty of science, no matter what the cost.

* * *

The anthropologist was mad before. Now she was outraged. Strummer had gone too far this time. The porn king was a monster.

Strummer had called the expedition members into his tent and told them his plans.

"I've been talking to the natives through Kundo," he explained, "and we got a problem. They don't have any kind of religious festivals; they don't have any religion at all."

"So what?" asked Hardwall.

"So that gives me *bubkis*, is what," Strummer snapped. "No religion means no celebrations. No celebrations

M'GUIRE'S GYM
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It's no use running, McGuire – we've got the place surrounded!

means no orgies."

"I still don't follow you," said a puzzled Hardwall.

"Lady, I didn't come to this shithole for science. I came for some boffo porn footage. This shit just don't fly. I need natives beating war drums, dancing girls with big boobs, fertility rites that turn into jizz-soaked orgies. I need that Black Sperm blasting out of hundreds of hard cocks. In short," Strummer went on, "I need *box office*."

"But that's not the way the natives are," replied the anthropologist.

"I already fixed that," returned the porn king. "I radioed the capital for five hundred cunga drums, costumes, the works. The natives are gonna put on a show with all the stops pulled out."

"That's outrageous! That's disgusting!" shouted Hardwall.

"No," returned Strummer with a smile, "that's showbiz."

* * *

While the porn king was waiting for his supplies, the lady anthropologist was nosing around the village. Something wasn't right, she knew. Then she caught one of the Splatagonians taking a black pill and found out what.

"What's this?" she asked in his own tongue.

"Don't know," the native told her. "Some men came to village, and told us to take these. Said white men would come and we were to do what they tell us. And with the money they were offering, we weren't going to say no!"

Taking the pill to her tent, the anthropologist performed a chemical analysis. The pill, she discovered, contained a powerful dye that acted on the urinary tract. It could turn human sperm a deep black. Hardwall couldn't be certain, but it looked like the Splatagonian government wanted to keep the Americans who gave them millions in foreign aid happy. Clever guys. The Americans wanted the Black Sperm, so that's what the Splatagonian government was delighted to serve up.

Hard as the village women sucked the cocks, not a single erection was seen.

The beginnings of a scheme came to the anthropologist's mind. She searched the jungle until she found what she needed: deposits of saltpeter. A mineral that made it impossible for a man to get an erection. She'd show Strummer a thing or two.

* * *

Strummer's camera crew was in position to film the *Orgy of the Black Sperm*. Microphones recorded the frantic beat of cunga rhythms while the Splatagonians did a wild dance around a huge papier-mâché statue of a big-breasted woman that had been painted gold.

When the chief and Karna were in position, Strummer gave the signal for the mass fuck to begin. All the village women got down on their knees and took the pricks of their men into their mouths and began sucking on them while the tempo of the drums increased and flames danced over their oiled brown bodies.

After five minutes, it had become apparent that something was terribly wrong. Hard as the village women sucked the cocks, not a single erection was seen.

"Come on, you bastards," shouted Strummer. "What do you think I'm paying you so much for?"

There was no reaction. Strummer cursed and threw his cigar to the ground.

"You did this!" he shouted at the anthropologist. "You fucking bitch!"

"Like you said, Mr. Strummer," Hardwall replied. "That's showbiz."

* * *

That night, Strummer sat in his tent finishing a bottle of Teacher's. It was over. Ended in disaster. And all because of that stuck-up bitch. Strummer would have to return to LA, the laughing stock of the porn industry.

Suddenly, Kundo the guide burst into Strummer's tent.

"The ants!" he shouted. "The ants come."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Strummer answered drunkenly. "What fucking ants?"

"The swarm. I show you," Kundo frantically returned.

continued on page 98

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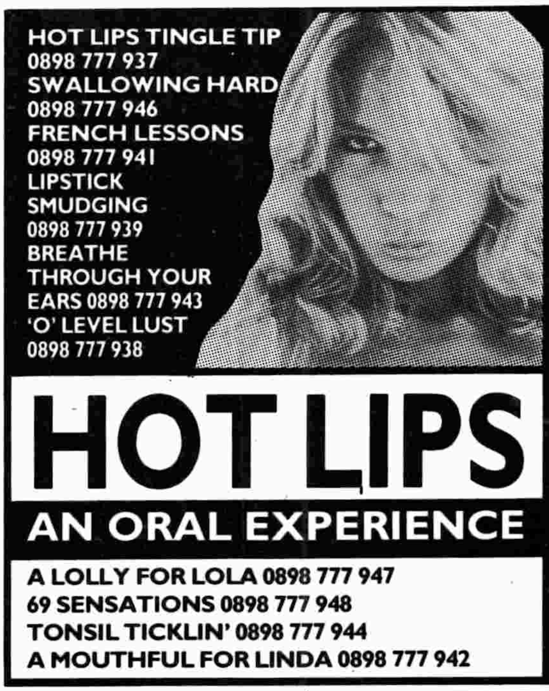
For Brochure by return post, phone (0789) 750092. (24-hr Reply Service)
DATALINK: P.O. BOX 100, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CV37 6LE

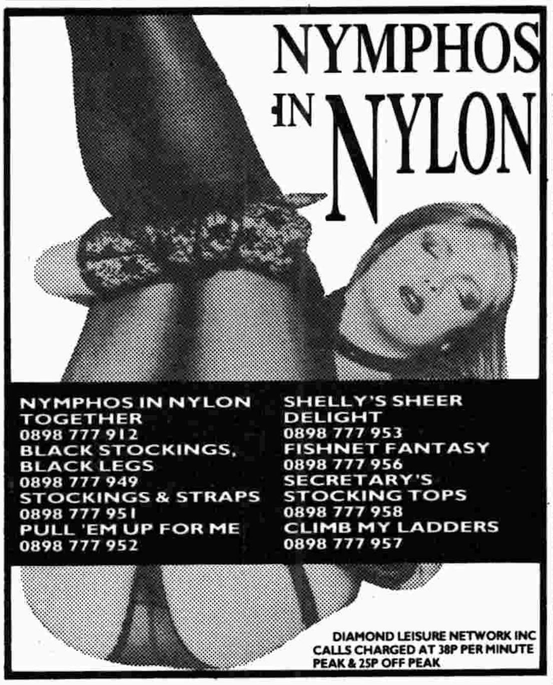


HOT LIPS TINGLE TIP
0898 777 937
SWALLOWING HARD
0898 777 946
FRENCH LESSONS
0898 777 941
LIPSTICK SMUDGING
0898 777 939
BREATHE THROUGH YOUR EARS 0898 777 943
'O' LEVEL LUST
0898 777 938

HOT LIPS

AN ORAL EXPERIENCE

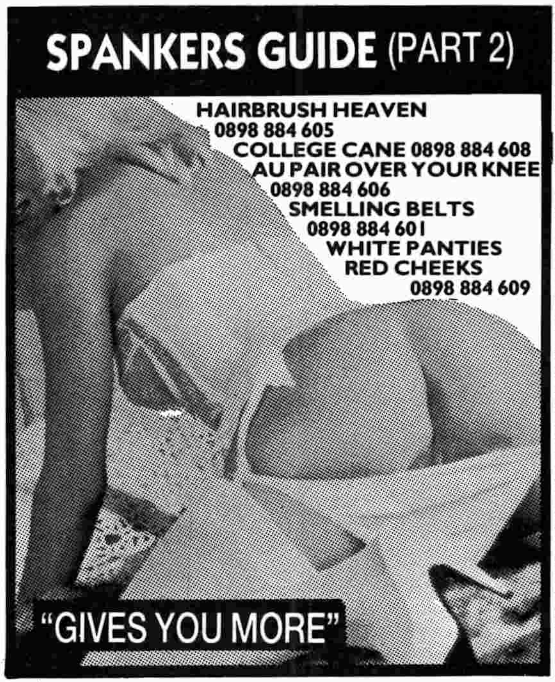
A LOLLY FOR LOLA 0898 777 947
69 SENSATIONS 0898 777 948
TONSIL TICKLIN' 0898 777 944
A MOUTHFUL FOR LINDA 0898 777 942



NYMPHOS IN NYLON

NYMPHOS IN NYLON TOGETHER
0898 777 912
BLACK STOCKINGS, BLACK LEGS
0898 777 949
STOCKINGS & STRAPS
0898 777 951
PULL 'EM UP FOR ME
0898 777 952
SHELLY'S SHEER DELIGHT
0898 777 953
FISHNET FANTASY
0898 777 956
SECRETARY'S STOCKING TOPS
0898 777 958
CLIMB MY LADDERS
0898 777 957

DIAMOND LEISURE NETWORK INC
CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE
PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK



SPANKERS GUIDE (PART 2)

HAIRBRUSH HEAVEN
0898 884 605
COLLEGE CANE 0898 884 608
AU PAIR OVER YOUR KNEE
0898 884 606
SMELLING BELTS
0898 884 601
WHITE PANTIES
RED CHEEKS
0898 884 609

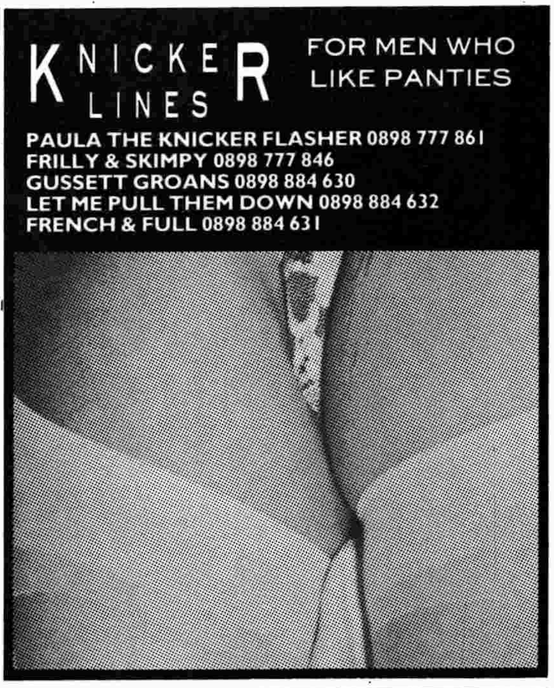
"GIVES YOU MORE"

CLASSIFIEDS

TOP CONTACTS AND CALL LINES

OBEDIENT LADY REQUIRES MASTER 0898 886 461 please!!
STRICTLY SEX 0898 886 441.
ADVANCED SEX Training given Call now and get up to date on the latest techniques 0898 886 402.
BARB!! Gets off with you!! 0898 886 406.
HUMP A YUPPIE, Stocks and Shares Sarah, Barbara Base Rate and all the gossip 0898 886 496.
RITA – The queen of erotica 0898 886 455.
BEAT TO BEAT with Sharon's instruction. 0898 886 430.
GIRL FIGHTS GIRL All bite and scratch! 0898 886 424.
BODY PAINTING – without brushes. It happened to me and it can happen to you. Let me tell you how. 0898 886 493.
DONNA'S DESCRIPTION in detail to you. 0898 886 479.
IF YOUR NAME'S DICK – I'm looking for you. 0898 886 434.
HI! I'M RACHEL – Ready and raunchy. Call me for the thrill of your life. 0898 886 435.
PARADISE OF LUST A holiday you'll never forget!! 0898 886 437.
PISTOL IN HAND – I'm ready for you!!! 0898 886 438.
PEEPING TOM!! Tells all 0898 886 445.
THE BANNED TITLE – You can hear it. 0898 886 468.
ANNIE takes on Amsterdam 0898 886 497.
LUSCIOUS LIZZIE in Lanzarotte, 0898 886 498.
ORIENTAL POSES, 0898 886 499.
UNCENSORED CALLS – (DIRECTORY) – All you need to know about those unadvertisable and banned numbers. Call Now!! 0898 886 452.
CONFIDENTIAL UNFAITHFUL WIVES DIRECTORY where and who they are!!! Leave your tip off 0898 886 466.
SARAH'S CLOSE SHAVE 0898 886 432.
SEX EXPERTS REQUIRED URGENTLY Immediate start, 0898 886 467.
LIVE LINE Erotic, sexy and live 0898 886 407.
WANT A PAY RISE? Here's a sure way to get it! 0898 886 454.
I'VE LOST MY PANTIES – Can you help please? 0898 886 453.
DIRTY JOKES – Get the info and be the comedian in your local – Available NOW! 0898 886 421.
WET DREAMS? I can make you have them. Let's play. 0898 886 422.
INTERRUPTION? – I'd love it. Call me and inconvenience me!! I'll come if I know it's you. 0898 886 417.
BLUE FOR YOU From Fiona. 0898 886 499.
TEASING LADY – will make you squirm. Call me now on 0898 886 483.
I'M INGRID – need insulting? Then call me you snivelling waste of space. 0898 886 484.
FORGOTTEN AMNESIA – They're all talking about it as the most erotic sound around, so hear it for yourself. It's weird 0898 886 450.
SEXOLOGY – The Ultimate in sexual activity. You have been warned. 0898 886 420.
PRIVATE INFORMATION from Melissa. 0898 886 469.
DESPERATE LADY – Husband away. Call me and relieve my frustrations. 0898 886 459.
MISTRESS STREN – will dress you up and make you perform for her on 0898 886 447.
SEX IN THE OFFICE – All good secretaries must bend over when instructed. 0898 886 437.
SUZIE & THE SAUSAGE MACHINE means sex on the factory floor – 0898 886 439.
TINA'S TEASERS – 0898 100 653.
FANTASISE WITH ME – 0898 100 695.
KINKY CONTACT LINE 0898 100 628.
HI! I'm a very frustrated wife with a sexually inadequate husband and I'm desperate need of satisfaction. Call me now!! 0898 886 482.
DESPERATE NYMPHO – Shy but in need of very sexually active men to satisfy me. 0898 886 476.
GAY GIRLS MESSAGE LINE – Lesbian talk back 0898 886 473.
CAN YOU REPLACE my battery operated friend? All entries welcome. Love Alice. 0898 886 432.
HELP – I love being watched. Make me perform in front of you. 0898 886 487.
RICH GIRL – Requires rough handling and sordid but discreet sex – confidential person only please. 0898 886 408.
YOUNG NYMPHO like large helpings – can't wait – call soon. 0898 886 412.
LONELY GIRL Flat batteries. Can you replace? Please advise. 0898 886 414.
FOUR RANDY GIRLS – require single men to play out their fantasies with 0898 886 409.
TELL ME YOUR FETTISH and I'll do it for you and only you. Please tell me how. 0898 886 489.
VIDEO COLLECTOR has full selection of hot adult titles. For full details call 0898 886 441.
HELP! I'M OVERWEIGHT and need to lose a few pounds. My sex life is nil. Can you help me please. 0898 886 492.

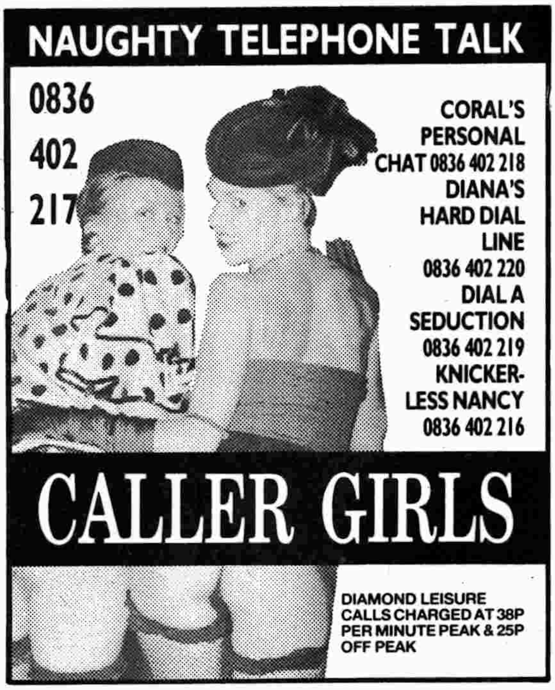
Calls charged at 38p per minute peak & 25p off peak



KNICKER LINES

FOR MEN WHO LIKE PANTIES

PAULA THE KNICKER FLASHER 0898 777 861
FRILLY & SKIMPY 0898 777 846
GUSSETT GROANS 0898 884 630
LET ME PULL THEM DOWN 0898 884 632
FRENCH & FULL 0898 884 631



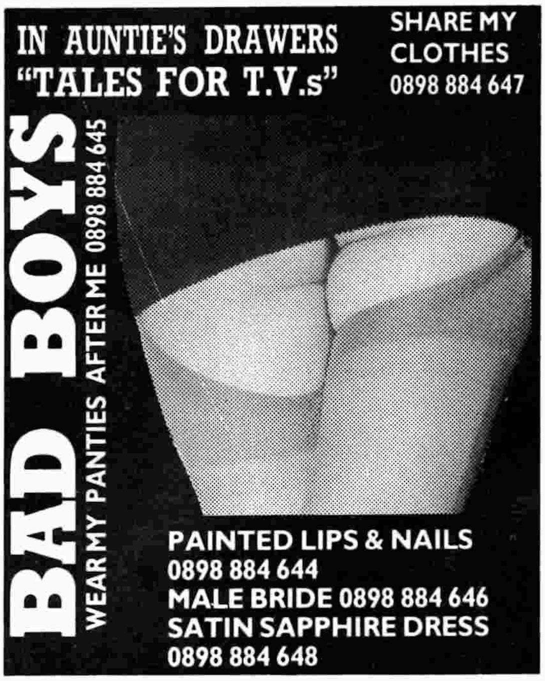
NAUGHTY TELEPHONE TALK

0836
402
217

CORAL'S PERSONAL CHAT 0836 402 218
DIANA'S HARD DIAL LINE
0836 402 220
DIAL A SEDUCTION
0836 402 219
KNICKER-LESS NANCY
0836 402 216

CALLER GIRLS

DIAMOND LEISURE
CALLS CHARGED AT 38P
PER MINUTE PEAK & 25P
OFF PEAK



IN AUNTIE'S DRAWERS
"TALES FOR T.V.s"

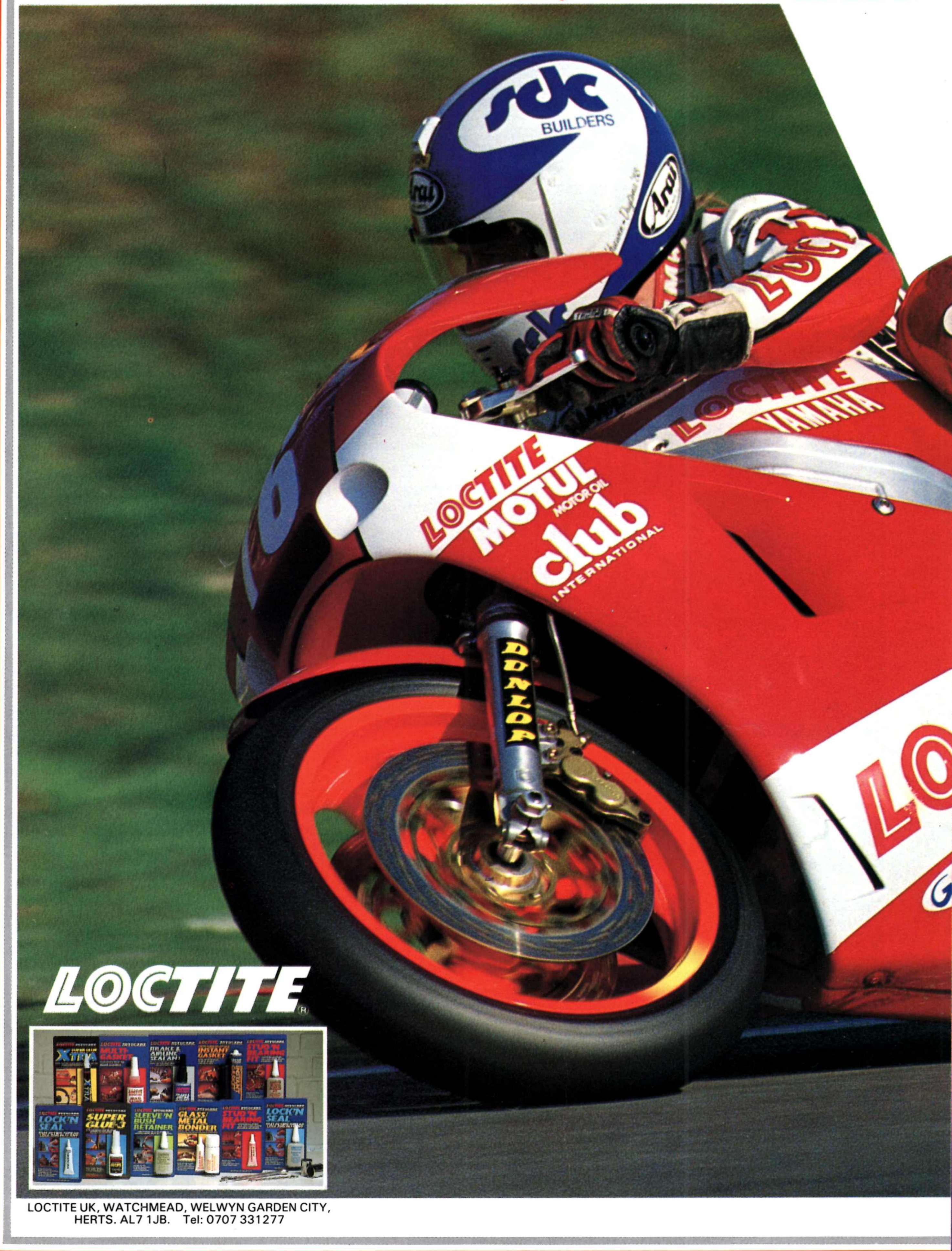
SHARE MY CLOTHES
0898 884 647

BAD BOYS

WEAR MY PANTIES AFTER ME 0898 884 645

PAINTED LIPS & NAILS
0898 884 644
MALE BRIDE 0898 884 646
SATIN SAPPHIRE DRESS
0898 884 648

TEAM LOCTITE® YAMAHA


sdc
BUILDERS
Arai
LOCTITE
YAMAHA
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MOTUL MOTOR OIL
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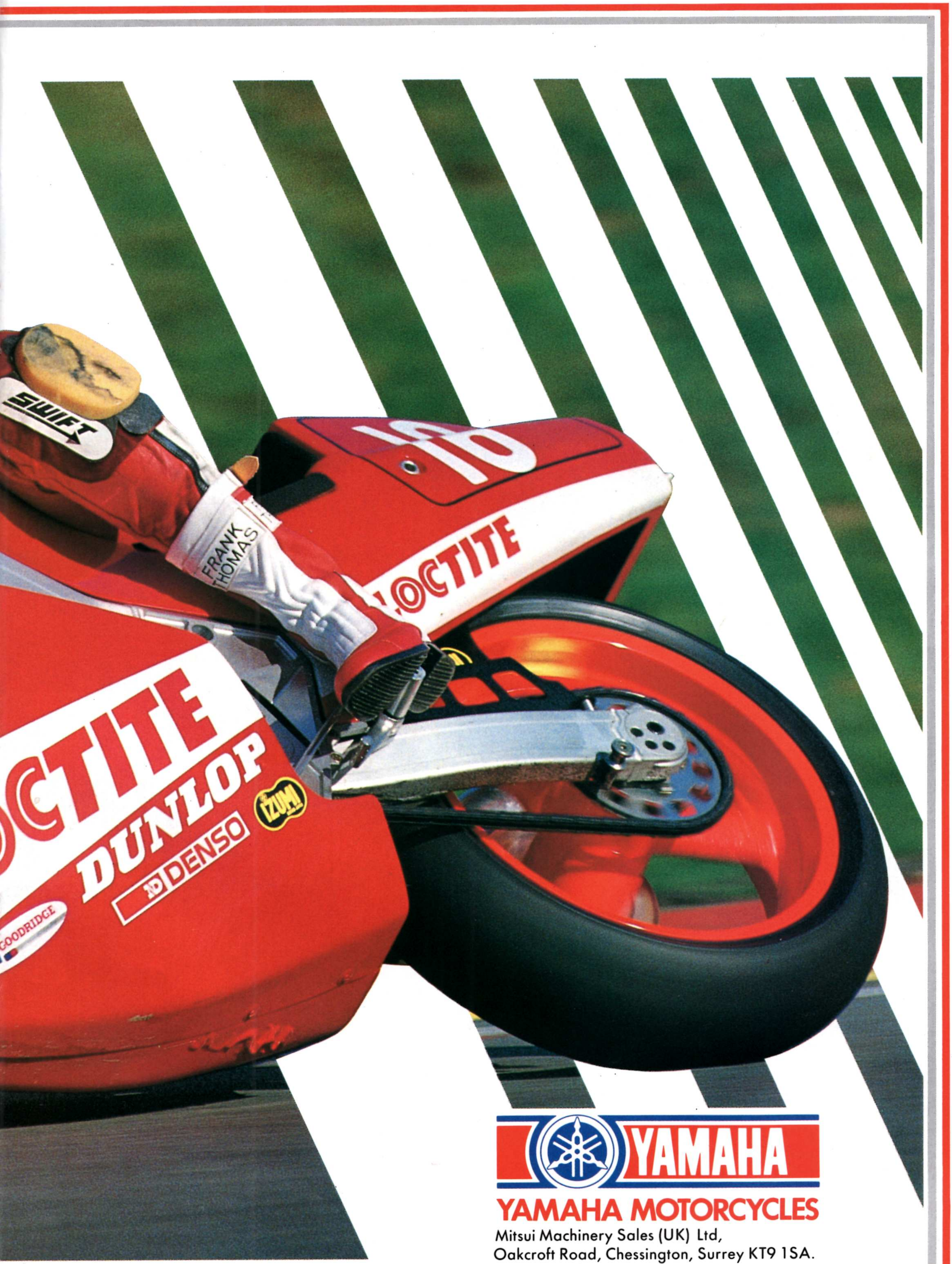
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YAMAHA MOTORCYCLES
Mitsui Machinery Sales (UK) Ltd,
Oakcroft Road, Chessington, Surrey KT9 1SA.
Racing Ahead

Photographs by Eric Labbe

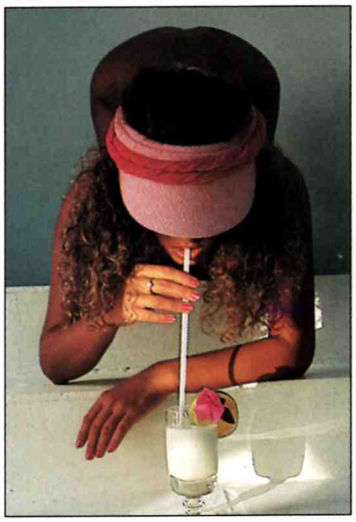
diana

In America they call it hot pink, the colour of those stockings. And for a girl like Diana, that's very appropriate indeed.

"I suppose you could describe me as hot stuff," giggles Diana modestly. "I think I'd just say I'm a nympho! Quite frankly, I love *sex and go out of my way to attract it whenever I can, wherever I want it.*

And of course, things like these stockings, which I always wear in bed, are a great help . . ." ♣

TALKIN' BLUE



This is the section where you talk to us– and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

GOOD VIBRATIONS

I first tried using a vibrator when I was just 18, and since then I don't seem able to stop. Sometimes I think there must be something wrong with me – but then I decide I must just be very much oversexed!

When I'm getting ready for a good session with my faithful friend, I prepare myself very carefully. I get comfortable lying back on the bed, then slowly strip myself, using the vibrator all over my body and loving that feeling of it buzzing all over me – especially as I move it further and further down. Of course, the last things to come off are my panties, as I like to run the vibrator all over the gusset so that I get nice and wet. Then I know I'm ready.

As soon as I open my thighs wide and that hard, buzzing stick slides into my quim I start to pant and breathe hard, and I move my hips up and down and round in circles, loving that feeling of being totally filled up by something hard and stiff, reaching and probing all the way up my cunt. I love it to be thrust hard up me, so I use both hands as I pump it in and out of my quim, getting faster as I get nearer to coming. And I always do with my vibrator, several times.

And being a dirty girl, I especially like to lick all my tangy juices off afterwards! Delicious.

It's not that I don't like cock as well, you know – it's that I enjoy it so much I want it more often than most! – *Nicole, East London*

AFTER A FASHION

It feels very odd writing to a magazine about something deeply private in my life, but I don't dare tell anyone else. It's true what they say, about having to tell somebody. At least, that's how I feel now.

My name is Wendy and I have been married for eight years, from which I have three children. I am still only 26 years old and have recently felt pretty run down and listless. I suppose it was the typical housewives' blues syndrome hitting me, and probably no harder than it hits anyone else in a similar position. But, anyway, I wasn't exactly fun to be with.

Now, my husband is a great guy always. He has a super temperament, and really never loses his temper – at least, not with me. He saw what was happening to me and suggested that I took a break away from it all to recharge my batteries. I thought about this and decided what I'd really like instead of continuous housework and cleaning up after the kids was a proper job. Now, as my husband is a taxi driver, that made it dead easy for him to switch to night shifts, leaving me free to work during the days.

It took me just six days to find a job too. It was a secretarial post in a small clothes factory. Within two weeks, I felt like one of the family. My boss was a real gentleman, never taking liberties and never taking me for granted either. The work was pretty easy too, and I could feel myself getting back to normal again.

Anyhow, after I'd been there about three months it was five o'clock in the afternoon and I was just on the point of packing up for the day. Then the boss came rushing into the office in a real panic. I'd never seen him like this before. He picked up one of the phones and started jabbering into it, and I overheard him say that his regular fashion model hadn't turned up.

In an equally frantic tone of voice, he went on to explain how a major buyer had travelled 60 or 70 miles just to see a new range of underwear and was waiting downstairs to be shown it. Well, it was clear that the person on the other end couldn't help him at all, as my boss cursed once very loudly and slammed down the receiver.

I waited a few minutes, hoping he'd calmed down a bit, before taking him in all the afternoon's messages. Having left them there, I hastily grabbed my coat and made for the door. I'd never seen him look so angry. As I held the handle in my hand, his voice bellowed at me, "WENDY, STAND STILL!" I froze.

I could sense him standing behind me and, for some reason, I was convinced I was about to get the blame for the missing model. "Ever done any modelling?" he asked me, out of the blue. I was shaking by this time. "No," I just managed to say in a sort of squeak. I didn't dare turn around and face him. "All right, I'll give you £200 for an hour's work," he said, practically pleading with me to say yes.

I was about to make my excuses, when one of his hands rested on my shoulder and I heard the resignation in his voice as he said, "All our jobs depend on you." Then, before I could think clearly, that hand slid down to my waist, feeling it. "Your figure is perfect," he continued, "so don't worry about a thing."

I had no more resistance left, and I was led in a daze down into the main storeroom where the client was sitting, smoking a large cigar. It was only then that I partially came to my senses, realising that I'd left it a little late to refuse. Meanwhile, my boss explained the situation to the buyer, who didn't say a word at all, but just looked straight at me.

My boss then escorted me to a high pile of boxes by the door and said, "Just put these underwear sets on and then stand in the middle. I'll do the rest." I took a deep breath and quickly stripped off behind the boxes. I selected some matching red and black knickers with bra, closed my eyes and stepped out in front of them. However, my boss was so professional with his descriptions of the materials every time I changed and paraded around in them, that I found myself much more at ease.

An hour later, it was all over, and as I stood there in a pair of white knickers and bra, the buyer approached me and said smiling, "Congratulations, young lady, you've just won your firm a nice order." I was thrilled at these words, as was my boss, who immediately invited us into his office for a drink. I was about to change back into my clothes, when he said, quite casually, "Oh, Wendy, leave your stuff here for now, there are a few points about those knickers I need to go over."

As I led the way back up the stairs, the buyer suddenly shouted, "Hold on, stop a minute!" I obeyed him. He came up next to me and told me to bend over as there was something not quite right with the stitching. I bent over for him, resting my hands on the top step. Within seconds, I could feel hands and fingers inside the seam, exploring and causing me to tense up a little. But, as they were still talking business, I let it go.

It was a curious feeling being on display like this. When one finger went far below the waist-line, stretching the elastic right back, it was obvious to me that both of them could now see my bare bottom. Suddenly, another hand was actually stroking my cheeks, yet still they talked business. The sensation was really nice, but I was too scared to react one way or the other.

"Carry on up," I heard my boss order me, so I stood up but, as I did, the knickers were pulled down a couple more inches, so the top half of my arse was visible. I did not dare pull them back up again, as I thought (stupid of me really, but I was hardly capable of thought then) we might lose the contract. I was so aware of my body as I entered the office. Almost all over, I felt a deep flush, particularly around my face and chest. I tried not to think about lower down. I knew I was hot around the crotch, but what if they could see moisture appearing on the new knickers?

What happened next is still something I can hardly believe. I was told to bend over the desk this time, because the angle had been bad on the stairs. As soon as I did, I felt my knickers being pulled down to my ankles. I was so excited by the force of the action, that my body just reacted for me.

Automatically, I arched my buttocks in the direction of those hands, feeling them cup my cheeks before one finger slipped down into the crack between, right down until it reached where it wanted to go.

Needless to say, that finger encountered no resistance whatsoever. I must have been so wet that it slipped inside me almost accidentally. A thrill coursed through my entire body, and so intense was it that, in spite of the desk's support, I nearly lost my balance. Scarcely having recovered from that, I felt my bra clips being unfastened, also from behind, and the bra just falling to the ground. I was completely naked, in front of two absolute strangers!

My head was down, facing the desk, so I only sensed the fact that the probing finger had been withdrawn, only to be replaced by a much fatter one, which had to be a cock. I discovered that it was the buyer fucking me doggy-style, because my boss lifted my head up so that he could roughly fondle my breasts

GATEWAY TO PARADISE!!

DIAMOND LEISURE CLASSIFIED

CALLS CHARGED 38P PER MINUTE PEAK & 25P PER MINUTE OFF PEAK

AVAILABLE HOUSEWIVES Confidential info on secret exposure of unfaithful wives. 0898 900 566.

URGENT ASSISTANCE needed with a sexually over active wife who will do anything. Please help. 0898 900 581.

0898 777 823 - I NEED SEX - CALL ME

YOUNG GIRL will do anything for sugar daddy, call and it could be you 0898 777 804.

MAN REQUIRED for lots of "slap and tickle" by fun loving nympho 0898 777 813

JACKIE GOES ALL THE WAY WITH YOU!! 0898 777 819.

"GIRL LOVES GIRL" hear all in intimate detail 0898 777 826 QUICK!

PUSSY GALORE – every man deserves it!!! 0898 777 824.

FOURSOME FUN for all including you, call for your appointment 0898 777 827.

UNINHIBITED LINE (ADULTS ONLY) 0898 777 833.

I'M A BIG GIRL NOW and I need a big fella all for myself – could it be you? 0898 777 864.

CAN ANYONE GET ME A NEW MINK – I'll do absolutely anything, call and let me tell you what I can offer you 0898 777 874.

GROUP SEX PARTIES – all information on when, where and how to get in on them 0898 777 876.

KINKY KATE – and yu thought you were bad, call me and I'll show you a thing or two you wouldn't believe 0898 777 879.

TWO GIRLS heavily into each other require a man to watch and be teased. Applicants to:- 0898 777 881.

I LOVE HEAVY BREATHERS call me and do it for me. I'll be listening and I may talk back 0898 777 892.

MALE REQUIRED to satisfy woman when asked and only when asked 24 hour job 0898 777 894.

JANE WANTS YOU to call her, she's a real phone tease 0898 777 897.

0898 777 819 – THE FIRST TIME

READY, WILLING

JILLY'S are open all hours!!! Call on 0898 777 800 for details.

PEARL NECKLACE – call her on 0898 777 818.

I NEED SEX – can you help? Call 0898 777 823 quick!

SUZIE KEEPS YOU UP all night – the insomniacs friend – dial direct on 0898 777 837.

THE PUBLIC PLEASURE GIRLS make you purr with delight 0898 777 839.

BRA BUSTING BONANZA – big girls just for you 0898 777 841.

BUSTY PUB STRIPPER FOR HIRE – call direct on:- 0898 777 846.

42DD BELINDA – big, blonde and bouncy, just for you 0898 777 849.

I'M A VERY KINKY LADY with an urgent desire to be dominated by a firm master – please call me 0898 777 866.

THE ICE QUEEN – sophisticated, cool and waiting for you 0898 777 866.

CALL ME I NEED YOU NOW!!! 0898 777 868.

PHONE ME FOR FUN – go on, try me out, you won't get better than me 0898 777 891.

FRUSTRATED LADIES

"JUICY LUCY AND HOT HANNA" are a lesbian education – we are both available on 0898 777 801.

LINDA LOVES LOLLIPOPS – to lick and suck, get yours on:- 0898 777 802.

PHALIC FUN 0898 777 817.

SATISFACTION REQUIRED – can you help? I'm frustrated and in need of you:- 0898 777 808.

SUMMER BLUE – the hot, hot phone line 0898 777 898.

DIRECT INFO FROM CARLY – on what turns women on!! Don't miss out it's a must, dial 0898 777 867.

ADULTS ONLY

AUDIENCE REQUIREDfor blue video production. Applicants to:- 0898 777 814.

BLOW UP DOLL, my husband and me, the perfect threesome, let me tell you all on:- 0898 777 831.

MY PARTS IN A BLUE MOVIE – take some advice and call me 0898 777 832.

LATIN LUST it'll make your zipper bust, find out how on 0898 777 836.

SEX MANIAC'S CLUB

FREE MEMBERSHIP 0898 900 500

UNCENSORED DIRECTORY HOTLINE

0898 · 900 · 522

XXX ADULT CALL LINES

0898 900 501
0898 900 556
0898 900 557
0898 900 558
0898 900 570
0898 900 585
0898 900 575
0898 900 590
0898 900 580
0898 900 565
0898 900 540
0898 900 545
0898 900 560
0898 900 595

UNZIP YOUR JEANS and dial your dreams – frustrated lady awaits you:- 0898 777 829.

VIBRATOR JANE gives you the buzz in full explicit details 0898 777 822.

RANDY MANDY – yours to have, yours to control!! 0898 777 834.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL GOES FOR IT – if you pull my pin on:- 0898 777 856.

PAULA'S PUSSY needs stroking – call her direct on:- 0898 777 872.

MEN REQUIRED – I need one badly due to embarrassing experience let me tell you 0898 777 882.

I WAITED AND WAITED – but you didn't call – try me I'm good 0898 777 896.

CHARLIE'S TALE – peeping in on matron 0898 777 838.

I'VE HAD MY BEST FRIENDS FELLA – and i'm going to tell you all about it – it's good strong stuff. Dial now:- 0898 777 842.

DIRTY LEATHER TALK. Be shocked (all calls at dialers own risk) 0898 777 843.

MEDICAL LADY for that special requirement on 0898 777 854.

I'M NAUGHTY NINA – Leather lady strips and performs for you call me on:- 0898 777 869.

WHO'S BEEN BONKING in my bed? The adult Goldilocks would like to know perhaps it could be you? 0898 777 878.

RUBBER LOVERS – call and get yours on 0898 777 889.

T.V. TALES

STRICT MADAM – let me dress you up to my requirements 0898 777 847.

SUPRISE LINE we can't tell you anymore until you call 0898 777 877.

GET DRESSED UP – I will help you and show you how. Call Linda on:- 0898 777 886.

MYSTERY LINE – 0898 777 817.

BAD, BAD BOYS

"STRICT SAMANTHA" – do as your told and call her now on:- 0898 777 803.

"LASH LOVING LINDSEY" – requires you for punishmen on 0898 777 806.

NAUGHTY BOYS call for your punishment 0898 777 809.

ON YOUR KNEES and "lick my boots" you disobedient boy 0898 777 811.

FIONA FIRM controls your manners – call her if you dare!!! 0898 777 812.

PUNISHMENT LINE for boys with bad habits 0898 777 816.

THE MISTRESS MATRON – stiff and starched "she makes you the same"!! 0898 777 844.

NICKY'S WHIP – I'll say no more 0898 777 848.

ALL TIED UP – restrictive resistance call 0898 777 851 for your turn.

LADY JANE STRICT – your mistress to obey call now 0898 777 853.

EDUCATION FOR BAD BOYS – call if you need it and expect no mercy 0898 777 873.

SEX APPRECIATION TRAINING – get yours direct on 0898 777 884.

NAUGHTY BOYS must stand in the corner and do as they're told – now do as your'e told and call 0898 777 887.

DISOBEDIENT GIRLS

WHAT A NAUGHTY GIRL I AM, in my tight white panties – please call and spank me!!! on 0898 777 807.

I'LL MAKE MY BIG BOOBS BOUNCE for you – just call me on 0898 777 807.

BLONDE BITCH for corrective treatment call her now 0898 777 852.

I'LL BEND OVER FOR YOU 0898 777 859.

HI, I'M SALLY and I need spanking – any offers 0898 777 883.

NYMPHO'S IN NYLON TOGETHER!!! – 0898 777 912.

BLACK STOCKINGS, BLACK LEGS – 0898 777 908.

FILL 'EM UP FOR ME – 0898 777 909.

SHELLEY'S SHEER DELIGHT – 0898 777 911.

LUMPY TROUSERS – dial the cure 0898 777 893.

0898 777 891 – **HOT PHONE FUN**

0898 777 896 – **KNOBS DIAL LINE**

0898 777 814 – **VIDEO SEX SESSION**

0898 777 894 – **WORK IT TO A LATHER**

0898 777 832 – **JANE & THE BUZZ POLE**

0898 777 888 – **WHO!! THE MYSTERY LINE**

across the desk top. I didn't know what to do. I was helpless with lust.

My boss then knelt on the desk itself, unzipped his trousers and produced a large stiff cock only a matter of inches from my face. He was massaging it with one hand, but clearly he wanted me to put it in my mouth. I'd never done this before, even with my husband, but for reasons I still cannot explain I was absolutely desperate to do so. I licked and sucked it lovingly, enjoying the rather pungent taste of it.

By now, the buyer was gripping my tits firmly from behind, mashing the nipples with his fingers, while his fuck-strokes got harder and harder. One of his hands travelled right down past my belly and inserted one finger into me from the front. I trembled all over and moaned very loudly. At that moment too, my boss's cock twitched violently, jerking a hot jet of sperm on to the roof of my mouth. I wasn't sure how to swallow, so I withdrew it slightly, not realising that the result would be spunk all over my face and hair.

As my boss reintroduced his wilting cock into my mouth, telling me to lick off all the drops, I felt the man behind going through similar spasms. "Don't come inside me!" I remember whimpering (half-heartedly, I admit, since I was so sexed-up by then, I honestly didn't care). He must have heard me, because I felt that long, thick stick pulling out and splashes of spunk hitting my back and the tops of my arse-cheeks.

For the next two hours, they fucked me everywhere and with whatever they could lay their hands on. I consented to every single dirty act they suggested, orgasming plenty of times, especially when it got indescribably filthy. I was shattered afterwards. I've never returned to the factory since that evening, and no one has phoned either.

I feel disgusted with myself and, to cap matters, I never even collected the £200 I was promised, much as I want it. However, sometimes I pass by that way and feel a horrible tingling sensation all over me, and I really am tempted to look in and see the place it all happened in. But I haven't got the nerve. I'm glad I've told you all this. Maybe I'll be able to return to normal now, but I'm afraid it'll probably always haunt me.– *Wendy, Market Harborough*

On The Job

A Sporting Chance

Until this autumn, I was working abroad (in Marbella) as a tennis coach at a pretty exclusive tennis club. I'd been doing it for five years until I left under a bit of a cloud and came back to England. But depite all the trouble I've had since the incident I'm going to write about, it's all been worth it.

Working at the club, I'd got used to fending off the passes from the patrons. My boss was pretty strict about that; although I did manage to have a couple of wild flings with some more persistent, and attractive, members. Being surrounded by good looking, rich blokes all day and being able to flaunt my body in skimpy tennis gear in front of them was too much even for me to resist sometimes.

But that all changed when one of our regulars came back to the club in September with his new wife. He'd been coming there all the time I'd worked there, so I knew him pretty well. He'd made a couple of half-hearted passes at me the first time he came, but nothing had ever happened.

Things started to happen when I saw his new wife, though. I couldn't understand it – I'd never felt anything sexual for a woman before. In fact, I liked nothing better than to be riding a good thick cock and feeling the hot gush of sperm inside my cunt. So I couldn't fathom why it was that I got so excited the first time I met Denise.

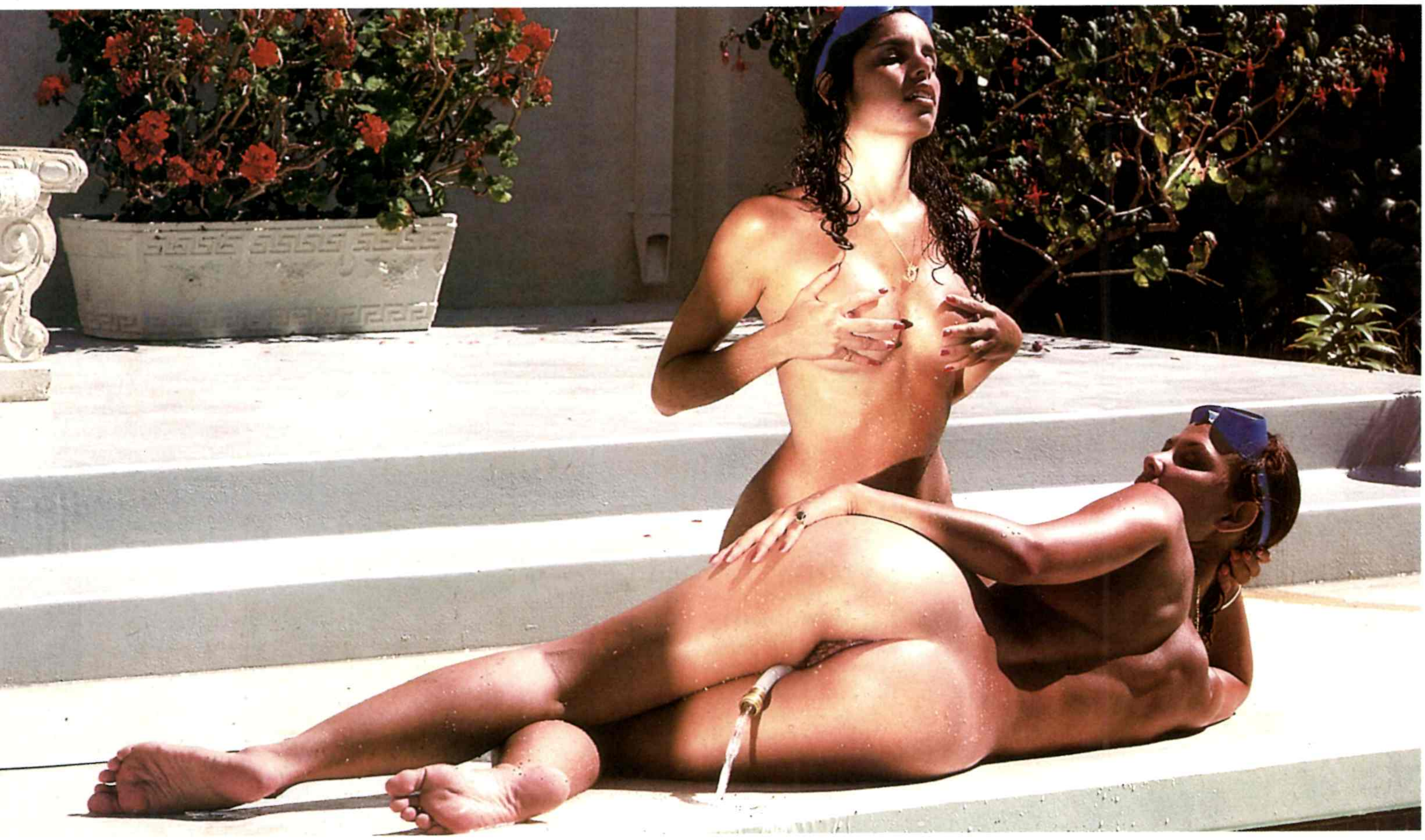
She was young, a lot younger than her husband, and I could easily see why he'd gone for her. She was gorgeous, with long luxuriant curly hair, firmly ripe tits and a beautiful brown tan that I was sure went *all* over. She signed up for lessons with me straight away, and we soon got to know each other quite well.

One morning, Denise said she wanted a lesson early in the morning, about 7am, as her husband was taking her out for a day trip after that. So when we met on the court, there was no-one else around, not even any of the other staff. As it turned out, it was lucky that we were the only people about.

Denise was looking gorgeous in a yellow hot-pants outfit – and I can tell you I had hot pants too then! Just looking at her was making my cunt juice up in a way that I hadn't felt in a long, long time. As we knocked up, I could see her tits swinging around freely as she wasn't wearing a bra, and the nipples showed through, large and stiff. Suddenly a picture came into my head of me sucking and licking those turgid, straining nipples while Denise squirmed beneath me. I looked over at Denise across the net and found that she was staring at me as if she was imagining the same picture herself.

My legs suddenly went weak at the knees and there was a great rush of wet heat in my pussy. All I could think of was the sight of those tits as I walked to the other side of the net and suggested to Denise that we do some work on her forehand.

We both knew what was



coming next, although it took a couple of minutes to happen. It seemed like hours and everything was moving in slow motion as Denise turned into my arms and dropped her racquet, gripping my bum cheeks with her hands as she thrust those gorgeous tits as close to me as she could. Although she was pretty young, I could tell I wasn't the first woman she'd kissed, but I wasn't capable of thinking about anything else as her hot pointed tongue thrust into my mouth again and again.

There we were, two horny women standing in the middle of a deserted tennis court, fondling each other's tits and arses like there was no tomorrow. Denise pushed her tits up in front of my face and held one up. I started to lick and suck on it through the material of her top, feeling the teat grow even harder and hearing her moan with pleasure.

The next thing I knew, her hand was at my cunt, running along the seam of my shorts, pressing it into my slit. I was soaking down there, and Denise slipped her hand inside them, pushing away my pantie crotch and rubbing all around my wet hole. I could feel the tingle of my juices starting to really flow in earnest, then very quickly Denise pushed one finger inside me and started to move it around, rubbing my clit with her thumb and licking all round my neck as she did so. I just felt helpless and couldn't move, so I just stood there and let the first feelings of orgasm start to build up, opening my legs slightly so Denise could get two more fingers in my cunt.

When I was able to speak I said to Denise, "I think we should go inside somewhere, before someone sees us." Denise just smiled and nodded and walked off the court to my apartment.

Standing in my bedroom watching another woman undress was a strange experience for me, but I was more turned on than I'd ever been. I felt breathless, as if I'd just had about four consecutive orgasms, although neither of us had come at all – yet. Feeling the wetness seeping out of my cunt, I knew I wasn't far off and by the way Denise was practically tearing her clothes off I could tell that she wasn't either.

She walked over to me and pulled me on to the bed, positioning herself on top of me so that our pussy mounds were grinding together. Then she leant forward to lick my nipples, tugging them with her sharp teeth till I cried out with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"It's so long since I've had a good looking woman like you," she panted, working her mouth slowly and tantalisingly down to my over-heated snatch.

As soon as her tongue was pushed up inside me, I could feel myself start to orgasm, and I just lay back and let all the delicious waves of it run over my body, leaving me trembling with pleasure. Denise carried on licking at

my juices, noisily slurping them from my cunt as I mauled my tits and writhed around on my back. The orgasm just seemed to last forever, and I felt drained and exhausted afterwards.

But Denise was quite fresh still after all that, and rolled over to the side of me. We just lay there stroking each other while I was recovering, and Denise started to tell me all about her marriage. As I'd suspected, she'd had a few lesbian affairs before she'd got married, which she'd done mostly for the money. She said her husband was quite a good bloke, and looked after her very well, but she'd always known that she was into women.

"And when I saw you when I first arrived," she told me, leaning over to pull me on top of her, "I couldn't believe how strongly I felt. It's ages since I've fancied anyone as much as I fancy you. When we met I could feel my fanny juicing up – I thought I was going to come then and there!'

I told her that I'd felt the same, as I worked my mouth all over her lovely golden brown body, tasting the musky taste of her sweat on her skin and feeling her wriggling under me as I licked all around her pubes, just teasing her a bit. She'd clipped her bush really short, especially around her cunt lips, and rubbing my mouth on that area was sending both of us into a frenzy.

"Get your fingers in, please," Denise was practically begging me. She put her hands on her inner thighs and pulled her legs apart, revealing her fleshy, pink outer lips, then further apart so I could see right into her cunt. She was so wet and swollen I slipped my hand between her thighs, and three fingers went into her hot hole so easily I hardly noticed. But she certainly did when I started to work up a good rhythm, working my fingers in and out slowly at first, then faster and faster as she got wetter and wetter. She was frigging her clit at the same time, working the little rosebud round with her thumb and forefinger. I straddled her and while I was still wanking her off with one hand I roughly tweaked her nipples with the other, making her shriek with pleasure as she came several times over.

That morning, she had to leave pretty quickly as she was meeting her husband, and she didn't want him to come looking for her if she was late. But for the next month we carried on having sex regularly in my room when she'd told him she was having tennis coaching. I was always afraid we'd get carried away and be caught at it one day, but the longer we got away with it the more careless we were.

And of course we did get caught one day when we took a dip in the swimming pool after a coaching lesson. We'd both stripped down to our costumes and were messing about in the cool water, spraying each other with hose pipes and groping each other, generally having a giggle. Soon, our playfulness turned serious as Denise reached under my costume and started to fondle me, getting a finger into my cunt before I could say anything. She pulled off my costume

and stood looking at my naked body – my large, firm tits glistening with water, my fanny looking moist and juicy where it was wet.

"I had to see you naked like that," Denise told me. "You look so gorgeous, I just want to fuck you all the time. It's getting really bad – I can't keep my hands off you."

"I know what you mean," I replied. "It's getting harder and harder to hide how I feel when we're in front of people."

"But there's no-one here now," she grinned. "So let's make use of the time."

I couldn't agree more, and within seconds we were on the patio stones by the pool in a noisy but very enjoyable 69. The feeling of Denise's long, smooth legs wrapped firmly round my neck as I lapped at her hungry pussy was sending me wild, and I could feel her tongue edging its way into my own pussy, grazing my outer lips and licking the love juices that were starting to flow, slowly at first then licking faster and faster as my cunt got wetter. I couldn't hold back and had my orgasm then, bucking my legs up as I flooded Denise's face.

It was getting hotter by the poolside, and Denise was shining with perspiration as I frigged her off. She shook violently as she reached her climax, crying out loudly as she always did and panting for a good few minutes afterwards. I briefly wondered what she was like in bed with her husband, but then she made a suggestion that completely took my mind off it.

She got up and picked up a water hose that was lying by the poolside. I guessed what she was up to when she connected it to a tap and started spraying me with it – it was *freezing*! My nipples were standing out like organ stops as I was covered in the icy shower, and Denise started to pinch and knead them with one hand as she sprayed me with the other.

We really started messing about then, trying to grab the hose pipe and only succeeding in grabbing each other instead, which of course was the whole idea. There were hands and fingers and tongues everywhere, rubbing and stroking and groping under the cold shower.

"Fancy something a bit naughty, Denise?" I asked her, grabbing the hose and pushing her on to her back. "Open your legs and show me that delicious cunt of yours." She lay back and spread her legs. Her pussy was soaked with water and love juice, and I put the hose right in between her legs and sprayed her pussy with the cold water.

"Do it inside, right inside," Denise begged as she held herself open. "God, that's so fucking good!" I was using the hose pipe as a kind of dildo, shooting water up into her cunt. At one point, I turned the tap down to a gentle trickle and pushed the end of the hose right into her, moving it in and out like

a long cock. She was really groaning and riding the hose, fondling her tits as she quickly and noisily came again.

We must have made a good deal of noise, because we didn't even have time to get up and jump apart when her husband turned up at the pool. Neither of us had heard him coming, and he'd obviously caught on to what we'd been up to – and he was *livid*. I mean, there was his gorgeous new young wife fucking with the club's head coach using a hose pipe as a dildo. Denise and I just sat there, not knowing what to do as he stormed off.

The upshot of all this was that he reported me to the club's owners, who sacked me on the spot. He threw Denise out of their apartment too, so we both got a plane back home. Now he's divorcing her because of our affair, and we're living together quite happily. And we still have fun with the garden hose occasionally – but only after we've made sure we can't be found! – *Paula, Bristol*

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Couples Confess

After the success of our series by the Braddons, we were deluged with letters from other randy couples. So we decided to make a feature of all your dirtiest, real-life couples confessions. This week: the McCallum's from Sheffield.

When we read about the sexploits of Dan and Linda Braddon, my wife Joyce dared me to write and tell you about our holiday last summer. We had a really wild time.

Joyce and I got invited to spend a week at a friend's holiday villa in Majorca. This guy, Marvin, has his own company and I installed a new computer system for him a couple of years ago. He was so impressed by how much money it saved him that he said Joyce and I could spend a week with him and his wife Pamela, soaking up the sun at his expense.

Quite an offer, we thought. "I could do with a good dose of the four S's," Joyce said to me when I told her about the invitation.

"The four S's?" I asked innocently. "What are they?"

"Sun, sea, sand and sex, of course," she replied.

We got plenty of all of them. We spent the days sunbathing on the sand, or swimming in the sea. And the nights? Well...

The great thing was that Marvin and Pam were just as much into open sex as we were. So the evenings and nights were pretty exhausting.

Joyce sunbathed topless all day with only the tiniest triangle of material covering her pubic hairs. At the back she pulled her bikini tight into the crack of her bum so as to expose as much flesh as possible. Then she spent the evenings showing off as much of her suntan as she could. When we went out to restaurants, bars or discotheques, Joyce was sure to dress to make an impression that most guys found hard to ignore.

One night Marvin and Pam took us to what they called "a really hot disco". And it really was, in more ways than one: the music was hot, so were the women, and the temperature in there was sky-high.

"It's sweltering in here," said Joyce. "Thank God I'm not wearing very much."

It's true; she wasn't. She had on only a short, straight minidress in thin, loosely woven muslin that she'd bought earlier in the day. It was white and lightweight, held up by just two thin shoulder straps, and was ideal for hot weather. But it was also very see-through.

Under it, Joyce wore a tiny white G-string, and of course she had on her usual high-heeled shoes. She looked fantastic as she danced, because her gorgeous sexy body showed right through the flimsy material of her dress – especially under the strobe lights of the disco. Her swinging boobs attracted plenty of male glances.

Pam wore more than Joyce but she was quite a turn-on too. Her skin-tight shiny red dress pushed her boobs up and showed plenty of suntanned tit. The dress was several inches above her knees and was split up the back to her bum, so it wasn't difficult to get glimpses of the tops of her black fishnet stockings and her thighs as she danced.

It was only when we paused for a beer that I realized why Marvin and Pam had brought us there. As I looked around I saw just how liberal the disco was. This was certainly the place for sexy women.

I suppose it's the holiday atmosphere that does it, but no one was really dressed for a Sunday school outing. I reckon it's no exaggeration to say that all the girls there had clothing of four categories – very tight, very short, very low-cut, or see-through. And at least one girl had a dress that combined all four categories, with nothing at all underneath. It was quite clear that the female clientele of this establishment fully believed that tits and bums were for showing, not hiding.

We soon downed our beers and went back on the dance floor. The music was loud and the rhythm pounding. One girl near us was dancing really wildly. She had on a loose T-shirt with such a wide neck that it hung way down off one shoulder. As she danced, she lifted her arm out of the sleeve and the T-shirt flopped down even further, revealing one of her boobs. Quite impressive!

Pam saw Marvin looking at this display and she wasn't going to let him be distracted. She changed her style of dancing, now stretching her arms high above her head as she gyrated to the music. Since her tight strapless dress covered very little of her boobs anyway, the effect of this movement was simply to lift her tits out of her dress altogether. When she lowered her arms, her boobs were swinging free and she soon had Marvin's attention again.

That was quite an evening. By the time we left at two in the morning, quite a few of the girls were dancing topless, a couple were down to basques and stockings, and one was wearing only a short transparent blouse and nothing else whatsoever. It must have been the heat that did it. As dedicated voyeurs, Marvin and I were reluctant to leave the disco. But knowing the sex drive of our respective partners we were looking forward to what would follow.

We reached our car and Marvin drove us to a hilltop overlooking the sea. Pam was in the back with me, her tits still hanging out of her dress, twiddling her nipples between her fingers. I soon had my hand up her skirt, rubbing her moist cunt inside her flimsy knickers. In the front, Joyce had her dress up round her waist and had undone Marvin's fly too. She was busy masturbating herself with one hand and wanking him with the other as he drove along.

"We should get a good view from up here," Marvin said as he headed towards the hilltop.

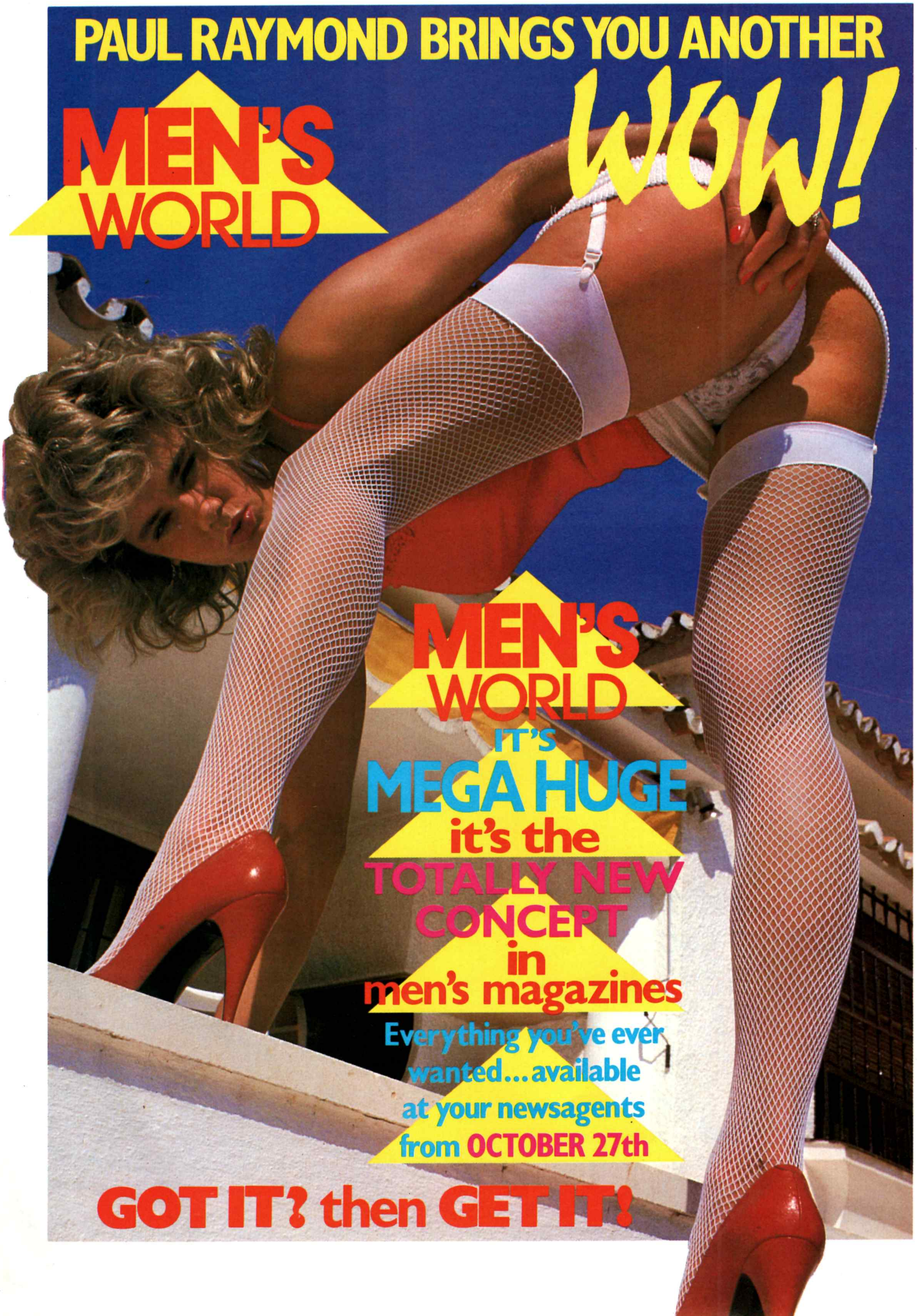
"You mean this view's not good enough for you," said Joyce as she pulled off her G-string and threw it out of the car window, parting her legs wide and putting one foot up on the dashboard.

Pam giggled as she pulled her dress up as far as she could and pushed down her red see-through panties. She twirled them on her finger a few times and then flicked them out of the window after Joyce's. My hand went to her cunt again. It was hot and steaming with lust. Two fingers sank in easily and I worked them in and out, gobbling away at her boobs at the same time.

I was still poking and gobbling when Marvin pulled off the road and stopped the car at a spot overlooking the bay. I glanced up from what I was doing, and the sight of the moonlight reflected on the sea was breathtaking.

Joyce was first out of the car, and she took my breath away too. She tore off her dress and stood naked except for her high heels, her gorgeous body silhouetted against the moonlight. "Won't somebody fuck me?" she shouted at the top of her voice, shoving a finger into her own cunt as she stood there.

The rest of us got out of the car and then the fun began. Marvin and I were soon naked, and Pam wriggled out of her dress. In the moonlight her red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suspender belt and black fishnet stockings showed clearly against her suntanned body.

While Marvin set about fucking Joyce, Pam leaned back against the side of the car, her legs apart. I knelt down and gave her cunt a good mouthing, licking her clit and forcing my tongue as deep into her hole as it would go. Then in went my fingers again, jerking up and down as her cunt juice dribbled out on to my hand. All this time she was working at her nipples with her fingers and moaning with delight.

Then it was my turn to stand up and she got down to a bit of oral work on my rigid cock. She knew just what she was doing – licking the end of my cock greedily as if it were an ice cream, then running her tongue along the whole length of my prick and sucking my balls, and finally taking my tool into her mouth and pushing down on it repeatedly.

Joyce, meanwhile, was spreadeagled on the bonnet of the car with her legs dangling over the front. Marvin was shafting her for all he was worth and kneading her tits with his hands. "Fuck me harder!" she yelled out loud as if she wanted the whole island to hear. Marvin increased his pace, ramming his cock deep into her willing cunt. I could hear the squelching of Joyce's juices from where I was standing.

Pam and I changed positions again. She faced the car and bent over, steadying herself on the door while I thrust into her from behind. She grasped the car door tightly as I banged her hard and fast, my cock bone-hard with lust for her hot dripping cunt. I pushed my rigid prick right in up to the hilt, then moved it slowly and deliberately, up and down, side to side, then round in a circular motion, keeping my groin pressed hard against her.

I felt her cunt start to pulsate with the first throes of orgasm, slowly building up to a crescendo that set her whole body shaking. She gasped, then screamed as the orgasm overtook her. Her screams of pleasure echoed through the stillness of the night. Joyce was making a similar noise on the car bonnet, but she was throwing in a lot of randy comments for good measure. Marvin was fucking her to the peak of an orgasm that had her pelvis bucking up and down while the rest of her body writhed and squirmed in delight.

"That's fantastic," she screeched. "Fuck me harder. Harder, I said. Give me more cock. More! Push it right in. I'm coming, I'm coming!"

After Pam and Joyce had calmed down a bit, we all shifted positions again. I decided to take it easy. I sat in the car and closed the door. Joyce stood outside and leaned in through the open window. She bent right over, took my cock in her mouth and started some real determined sucking, pausing only for a moment to gasp as Marvin shoved his cock in her from behind. It was great being sucked like that, and Joyce was enjoying the double dose of cock she was getting. I rubbed her tits and massaged her nipples to erection between my thumb and forefinger. She used her hand to wank me as she pushed her mouth up and down on my throbbing cock.

Suddenly Pam climbed up on the front of the car and sat down, cunt to the windscreen and legs apart. In the moonlight I could see quite clearly as she pulled her cunt lips apart and started fingering herself. Naturally this turned me on more than ever.

Joyce was wanking me hard and I felt myself starting to come. My cock began to jerk and the come spurted into her waiting mouth. When she'd got a mouthful she rubbed her face around my cock which was still shooting come. After I'd emptied myself completely and she looked up from what she was doing, Joyce's lips, cheeks and chin were glistening with the white stickiness of my come.

Marvin was at the point of explosion too. He pulled out of Joyce's cunt and shot his come all over her backside. Her come-covered bum shone in the reflected light of the moon.

Pam, who's something of a come connoisseur, was soon there licking her husband's lust juice from my wife's rear. Her tongue followed every contour of Joyce's arse as she licked it clean. Then the two women stood up, embraced each other, and started kissing. The come from Joyce's face got rubbed all over Pam's too. Then I realized that Joyce hadn't swallowed the mouthful she'd sucked from me. She was now giving it to Pam in a really erotic, come-laden kiss.

Well, we did eventually get back home that night – about five in the morning actually. Still, sunbathing takes no energy, so we were ready for fun the next night too. This time we went to a bar in a nearby hotel. Marvin said they sometimes had good entertainment.

As we got ready to go out, Joyce wandered naked round the bedroom in her shiny black high-heeled shoes, wondering what else to put on. In the end she decided on a very brief yellow stretch miniskirt. Actually it stretched horizontally so it was very tight across the bum, but there wasn't much of it to stretch vertically. At the top she put on a shiny black strapless half-cup bra that let more boob fall out than it held in.

"I won't wear any knickers," she said. "They'll show right through this skirt."

I agreed they would. Mind you, the skirt was stretched so tight that the cleft of her bum could be clearly seen through it. But that didn't bother Joyce. And it turned me on too.

When we got downstairs, Pam and Marvin were waiting for us. Pam had on a short white denim skirt with matching button-up blouson jacket. She had fastened only the bottom of the jacket so she showed plenty of suntanned cleavage.

Marvin and I were both in T-shirt and jeans. Marvin's eyes began to feast on Joyce's bum. "Hey Joyce, you've got a fantastic arse," he said.

"What he means is he likes you with no knickers on," said his wife. "Well, I'd hate to be overdressed this evening." So saying, she pulled up her skirt and pulled down a pair of small white lacy panties. Tossing the knickers on to a chair she straightened her skirt and said, "OK, I'm ready now. Let's go and have some fun."

When we got to the bar it was pretty full, but we managed to get the last seats. As we sat drinking, Pam and Joyce certainly got a lot of glances. After all, when Joyce was sitting down her skirt was up at her crotch. She made no attempt to pull it down, or even to keep her legs crossed. Quite the contrary, she took every opportunity to flash as much cunt as possible. Guys were lining up across the room to get a good view.

Pam let her skirt ride up high too. Then, fiddling with the last button on her blouson, she absentmindedly undid it and let the jacket hang open, showing off her

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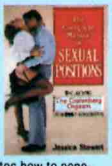

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lovely tits again like she'd done the night before.

Well, this display from Pam and Joyce proved more appealing to a lot of guys than the singers on the stage. The high spot of the evening, however, was a wet T-shirt contest. Any of the girls in the bar were invited to take part, and quite a few had T-shirts on ready for the occasion. They had a dip in the hotel pool first, then came in one by one to the sound of disco music. Wearing only bikini bottoms or knickers and clinging wet T-shirts that showed their boobs, they each danced to the music for a minute or two, then waited in a row at the side.

"Hey Mike, lend me your T-shirt, will you?" Joyce said to me, virtually pulling it off me.

"Great idea," said Pam. "Let's enter the contest." She soon had Marvin's T-shirt off him too.

The two girls disappeared outside giggling, but it wasn't long before they returned clad only in dripping T-shirts and high heels. Of course Joyce and Pam had no knickers on, and since the T-shirts reached only the tops of their pubes, a great cheer went up from all the guys in the room when the two girls came in.

They danced and pranced to the music, jutting out their tits and gyrating their hips, much to the audience's approval. They both got really turned on with all those people watching them.

Joyce turned with her back to the audience and, legs apart, still shaking herself to the music, she bent right over so her sexy bum and luscious cunt came full on display. What a cheer she got! At the same time Pam had grabbed a microphone from its stand and was rubbing it erotically up and down her cunt.

I thought they'd get thrown out, but what happened was that some of the other contestants got so horny that they joined in. A cascade of bikini bottoms and knickers came flying at the guys in the crowd as a parade of cunts and bums came back on stage.

Well, that was a wild contest. The winner was chosen by the cheers of the crowd. Joyce got the loudest cheers of all and won – guess what – a weekend for two in that hotel the next year. Lots more fun to look forward to!

"Let's celebrate with a swim, everyone," Joyce shouted as the contest ended. The girls rushed outside and dived in the pool, and a bunch of randy guys, including Marvin and me, followed them. Soon the pool was full of bodies. There must have been about 20 couples there. Cunts were being fucked and cocks were being sucked – and most of it underwater. Some couples stuck to their own partners but there was a lot of swopping too.

I stood on the bottom of the pool, fucking a tall blonde girl from behind. She was holding on to the poolside and sucking the cock of her boyfriend who sat on the edge.

I saw Joyce busy with a girl and a guy at the other side of the pool. Joyce was holding the side, floating on her back. She'd parted her legs so the guy was giving her a good tonguing, interspersed with finger-fucking. The other girl kept taking deep breaths of air, then disappearing under water to suck the guy's cock.

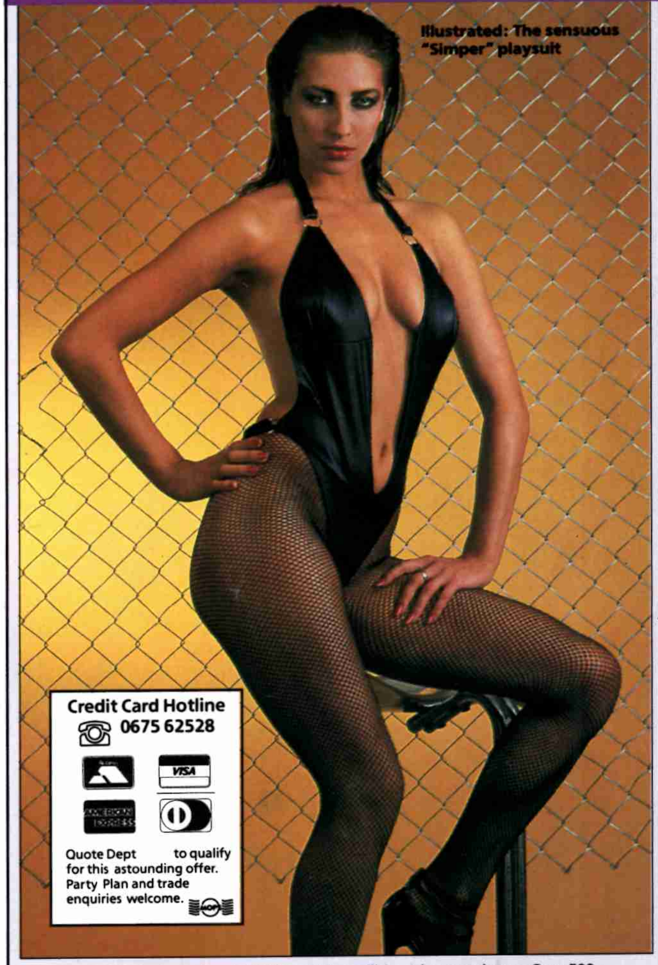
The pool was floodlit so I could see what was going on around me – even to the guy's glistening come as it rose to the surface. After that the girl who'd been sucking him lay with Joyce, floating by her side, and the guy stood between them with a hand to each cunt. He pushed his fingers hard inside, then withdrew and pushed in again. It was great to see Joyce and the other girl have their orgasms while they floated. Their jerking hips made a loud splashing in the water. I felt my come shooting inside the girl I was fucking, and at the same time her boyfriend coated her face in his stuff. She washed it off in the water.

Eventually we all climbed exhausted out of the pool. There was an awful lot of come floating on the water. I suppose they had to clean it out next morning.

Well, the week went on, and so did our adventures. When it was time to come home we were sorry to leave. Still, we had Joyce's voucher for a weekend in Majorca again.

"It's a lucky thing I had my T-shirt with me," I said to her.

"Right, but it was even more lucky that I'd left my knickers behind. Otherwise I might not have won," she replied, winking. – *Mike McCallum, Sheffield* ♣



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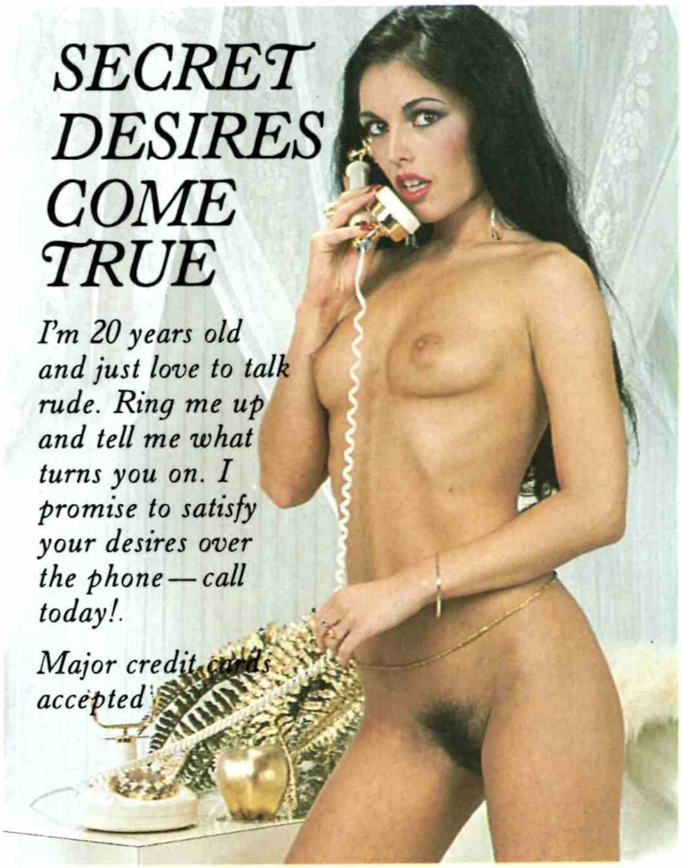

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All types are available in packs of 24 & 144. Whichever type you order, you will only receive the best quality branded versions, which have been scientifically tested to the highest standards. However, due to the great demand and our wish to maintain our rapid "by return" service, the brand name and make of condom may vary.

	24 Price £	144 Price £
(CV/A) Dotted - for female arousal	2.99	14.99
(CV/B) Ribbed - extra excitement	3.99	19.99
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(CV/D) Thin - ultra thin, ultra strong	3.95	19.99
(CV/E) Contoured - a realistic shape	3.99	19.95
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(CV/G) Small - snug fit for pleasure	5.99	29.99
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Worn as a contraceptive, the devilish protruding arms will tickle her fancy like never before.
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Emmanuelle uses here quick silver tongue on Billy and Andrea to great effect. It speaks the language of sex.
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Address

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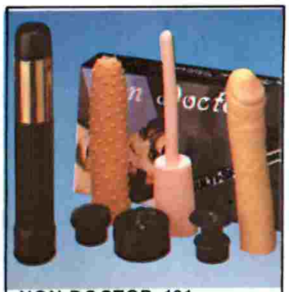

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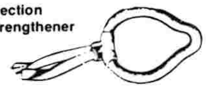

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10

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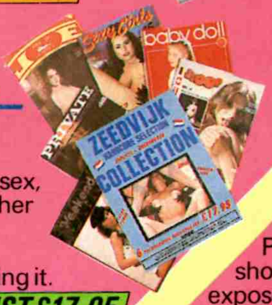
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LOCAL DIRECT
direct contacts
Come together
Aquarius
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issue 44

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Whipmistress
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PICTURE EXCLUSIVE

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July 24, 1988

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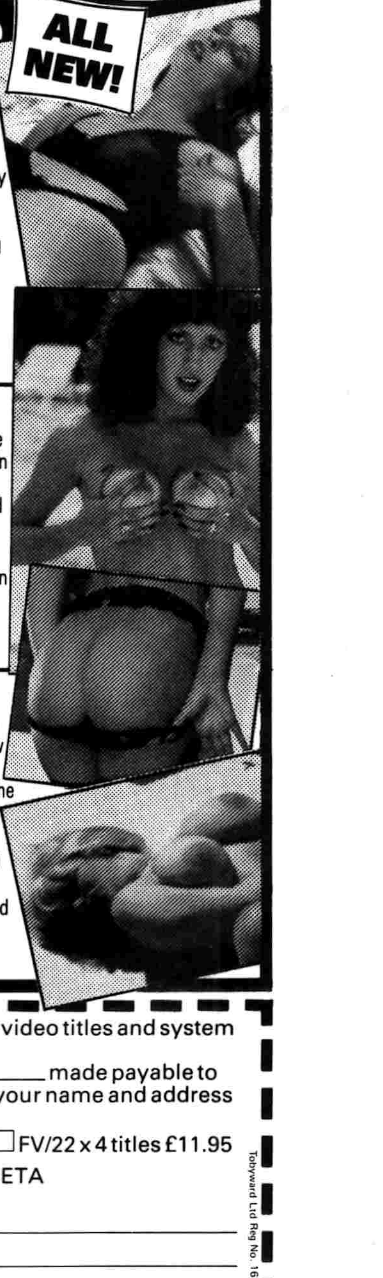

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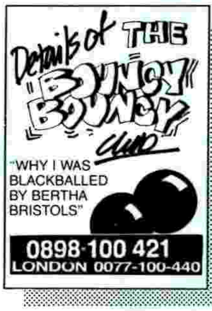

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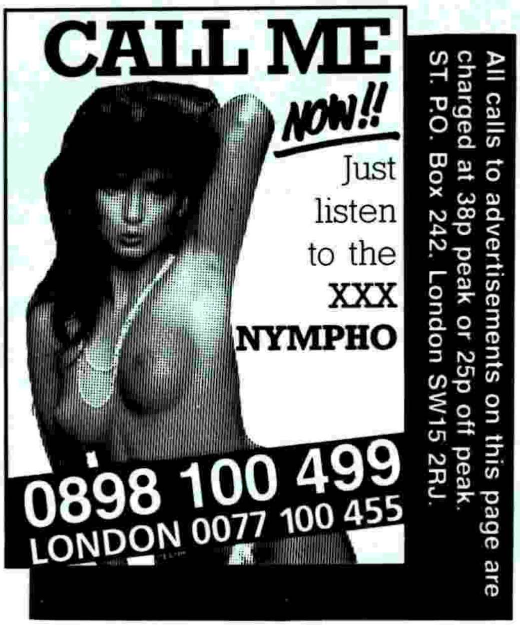

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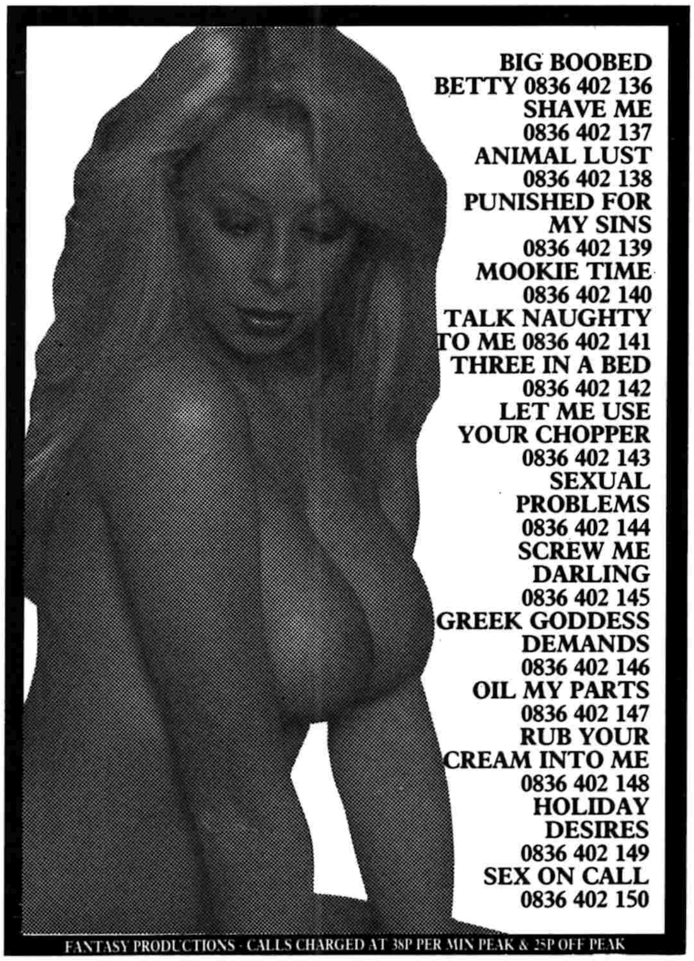

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ANIMAL LUST 0836 402 138
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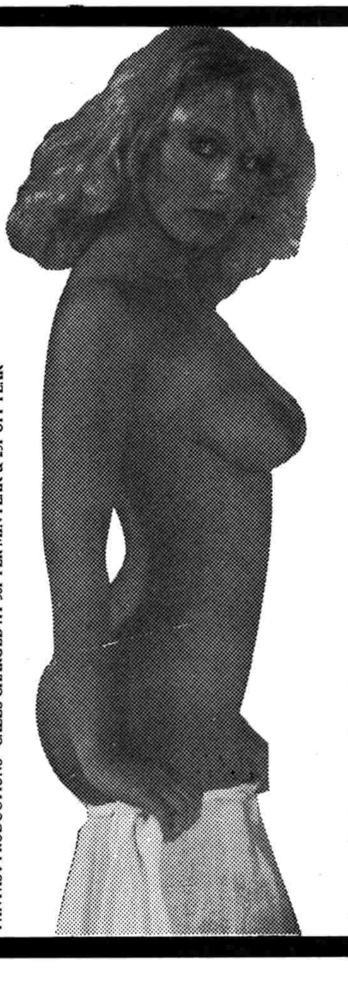

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BITE ME HARD 0836 402 153
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RANDY MANDY 0836 402 157
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CHERYL

Photographs by Gary Sanger

Wherever she is, and whatever the weather, Cheryl likes to be naked.

"You can see from my photos," she told us, "that nude is the way I like to be. It's all very well wearing fancy lingerie – and of course I enjoy turning my boyfriend on with it – but it's much better to bare all, don't you think?"

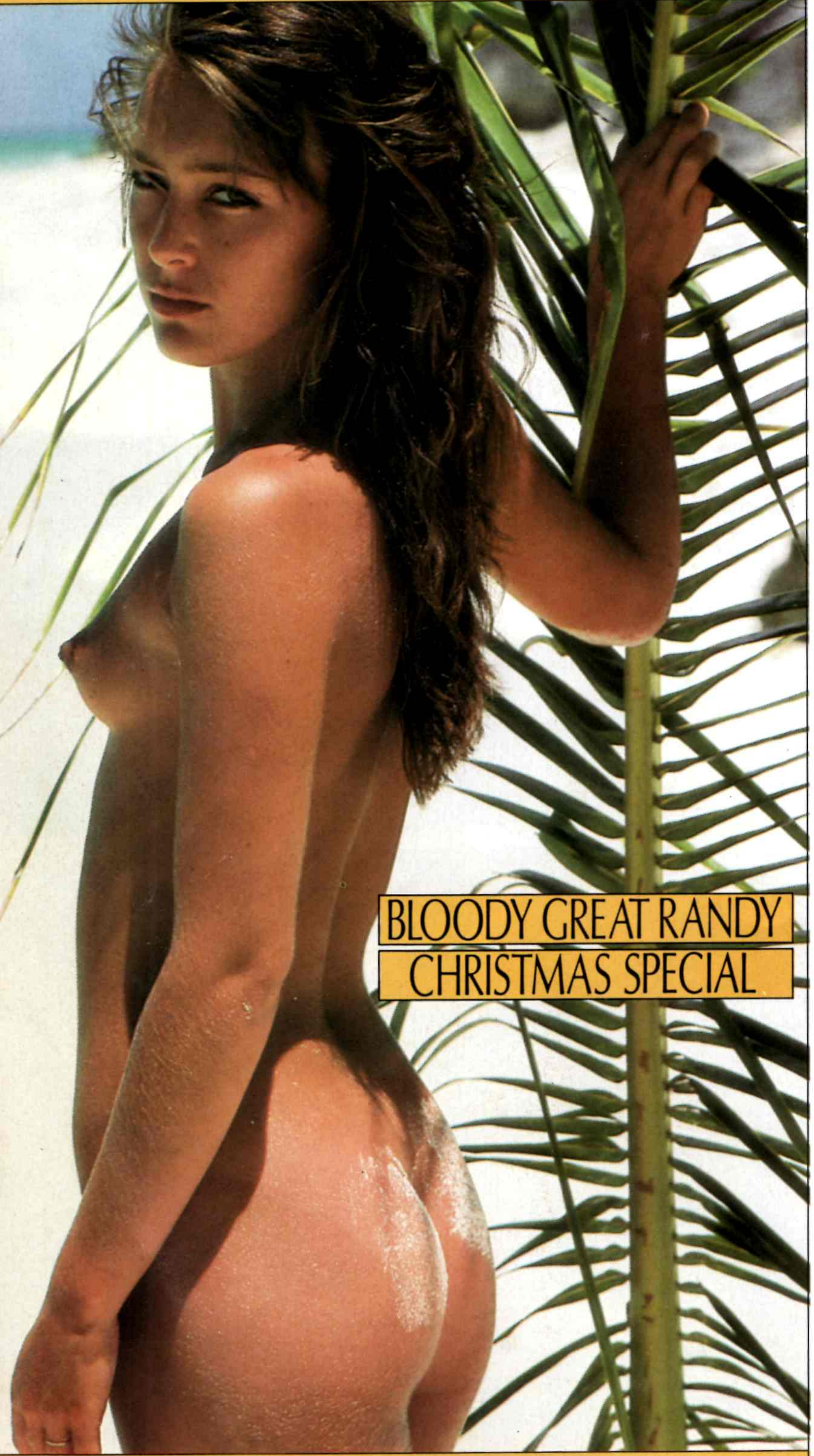
We certainly do, but as Cheryl told us, there's not really much scope for showing off her body in her home town of Chelmsford.

"I do try to walk round in see-through dresses with nothing underneath, that

kind of thing, but it does get me into trouble. Once I was nearly pulled in for indecent exposure! That's why I'm so glad I can show what I'm *really* made of here!"♣

COMING IN

club



Bollocks to tinsel. Our Christmas present to you will be a dozen girls who're so horny they'll make your dick do a Sooty impression. ♣

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL
ON SALE DECEMBER 8
PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED BY SANTA*

** This is not actually true*

FICTION

continued from page 54

They coming right for camp. I see ants in moonlight. If we do not leave right away, we all dead!"

Shit, the ants! This was serious. Now Strummer remembered the swarm. Everybody had to go. Right away. What the lady doc had told him about how the ants ate everything in their path echoed in his skull.

The ants. Of course.

The ants would settle accounts for Strummer.

In five minutes flat, the entire crew was out of their tents and into the Splatagonian caves, safely high in the limestone cliffs. The expedition team watched as the black swarm overran the tents like a dark tide from hell.

"Hey!" shouted Mike Bators as the ant army marched through the camp. "That bitchy anthropologist. Where is she?"

"I must have forgotten to wake her up," Strummer said as he watched the tide of fire ants sweep across her tent.

* * *

To the hypnotic beat of jungle drums, the native dancers shucked their loincloths. The women fondled their gleaming breasts and licked their lips with lewd suggestiveness while the men stroked their hard cocks to bulging erection.

At their chief's signal, the women dropped down and began to hungrily suck the men's stiff organs, as the camera zoomed in for tight close-ups of lips enveloping the fleshy heads, and fingers stroking shafts and balls that hung beneath them like hairy coconuts.

And then came the scenes of cocks exploding like sexual cannons, the black sperm shooting from them in dark fusilades that drenched faces and bellies and buttocks and breasts with glistening gobs...

The audience went bananas. When the lights came on in the screening room, Strummer stood to make his speech. This was his big moment. His documentary had broken new ground, crossed from porn to straight cinema. And, said Strummer, he had Jane Hardwall to thank. If not for her brave sacrifice, this film could not have been made.

Suddenly, Strummer began scratching. He looked down. A large black ant fell out of his trousers and scurried across his shoetop. In a flash, what the lady anthropologist had said about pregnant fire ants came back to him as Strummer noticed that the rest of the people in the large auditorium were scratching as hard as he was. ♣

The Club guide to girls

3: Heartbreaking girls

Vernon O'Tamar ***has met his fair share of heartbreakers. It's a shame the only thing he breaks is wind.***

They just catch your eye and they *know* they've got you. You don't know yet, of course. You're in blissful ignorance. You find an excuse to talk to them, and you turn on the charm as hard as you can. You get their phone number, although it takes a bit of persuading, and you go home that night and jump around and phone up everyone in your book at four in the morning and everything's great.

You phone them up the next day and they agree they'll go out – not that night, but two nights later – and you can't wait. You wear your only sharp suit and they're sweet and you get on brilliantly and they're even prettier than you remember them. At the end of the evening you're so besotted with them that for the first time in your life you think you'll be a gentleman and not ask them to come home with you.

You phone them up again as soon as you dare, quivering like jelly when that sweet little voice answers the phone and says, "Oh, it's *you*" in that particular way. You make a date, not wondering *why* they can't meet you the next day, just slobbering with happiness that they've agreed to go out with *you* (yes, you, not your really good looking best mate who all the birds always go for 'cos he's got an expensive car and a Gold card).

Then you soon find out why they couldn't meet you the next day when you spot them down at your local with that very same best mate, looking for all the world as if they're about to tie the knot. And you didn't even know they knew each other.

When you phone them up to rant and rave about two-timing and heartbreak, they're genuinely shocked. "But I never said you were the *only* bloke I was going out with, Vern," they say.

Familiar story, right. And the real bastard of it is that 'cos you decided on *that* one occasion to behave like a gentleman, you never got into their knickers (and you still don't know if your 'best' mate did, either).

We've all met girls like this, and the chances are we've all been stitched up by one. But why do they have to break our hearts, not to mention leaving us facing the prospect of relieving that great stonker with nothing better than a hand shandy?

I asked one girl once. I'd found out after a couple of dates that she was also seeing my boss, my dad, my brother-in-law and the landlord of the local. "Why, Sharon?" I sobbed piteously. "You see, Vern," she told me, "if a bloke asks me out, I find it *really* hard to say no. I mean, I might hurt his feelings if I turned him down. And anyway, I like sex at least twelve times a day, and show me a man with big enough balls for *that*!"

That's the thing about heartbreaking girls. You can't help liking 'em. And besides, if you stick with one, and ignore all the other blokes she's knocking off you'll guarantee a rampant seeing-to that's beyond your wildest dreams. It's worth it. Take it from Vern. The path of true lust never did run smooth – but at least you'll get all the way eventually. ♣

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